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GENERAL EDITOR: A. GUTHKELCH

PASSAGES FROM THE WRITINGS OF
THOMAS CARLYLE

G. BELL AND SONS, LTD.
LONDON: PORTUGAL ST., KINGSWAY
CAMBRIDGE: DEIGHTON, BELL & CO.
NEW YORK THE MACMILLAN CO.
BOMBAY A. H. WHEELER & CO.

PASSAGES FROM THE WRITINGS OF THOMAS CARLYLE

SELECTED AND EDITED BY
ELIZABETH LEE



LONDON
G. BELL AND SONS, LTD.
1910

WITH THE COMPLIMENTS OF
Messrs. LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., LTD.,

GLASGOW. PRINTED AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
BY ROBERT MACLEHOSE AND CO. LTD.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

A **PIECE** of literature, like any other work of art, must be known and judged as a whole if it is to be thoroughly understood and properly appreciated. But it may happen that if we see one picture of a series, or one figure from a large painting containing many figures, or if we hear one movement of a symphony or a sonata, we become eager to see or hear the whole. In the same way it is sometimes possible by offering a few selected passages from an author whose books are long, to make people desirous of reading the whole of the works from which the extracts are taken. Such is the only reason and excuse for this little volume, which may perhaps be helpful to those in whose hands is placed the guidance of boys and girls in such matters.

Whether we agree or disagree with the opinions expressed by Carlyle in his writings, we must all admit that he is a stimulating and vivacious writer. He compels us to think, and the force of his personality is felt in every line he wrote. His writings had, and still have, a great influence on life and thought, and so many of the things he advocated are now part and parcel of everyday life, that we are in danger of forgetting how much modern progress owes to his fearless speaking out.

Carlyle had a veritable message to mankind: "work, and be sincere." He hated shams, and declaimed against all that was false and hypocritical in both public and private life. But he admired and revered all that was great and noble in the acts of human beings, all that was sacred and wholesome in human institutions.

Something of his message may be found in every one of his works; no matter what the subject, the author's individuality shines clearly through it. Sometimes his humour enlivens the matter in hand, sometimes his enthusiasm infects us, sometimes his indignation makes us, too, take up arms against the object of it. We find in his books clear-cut portraits of human beings,¹ vivid narratives of events,² solemn adjuration,³ calm philosophical reflection.⁴ Indeed it has been said of Carlyle that he could not help being at once prophet, preacher, and poet. It is not fanciful to see in the work of Ruskin, Tennyson, Browning, Dickens, and Thackeray clear traces of Carlyle's influence.

We do not perhaps point to Carlyle's style as a classic model for the writing of English, but he was so wonderful a master of language that every page, nay every sentence, he wrote is instinct with life and force. The variety of his vocabulary, the wealth of his illustrations and allusions, his frequent use of figures of speech unfamiliar in English prose, are well worth careful study. For, like all great writers, Carlyle needs to be read with attention and with intelligence, and unless we meet him halfway, he will not reveal to us the entire secret of his hold on men's minds and hearts. It is not only an intellectual hold, for Carlyle had deep sympathy with all that affects human beings in their ordinary lives, and was open to the soothing charm of Nature in her quieter moods. Evidence of this may be found in most of the extracts here given: it is a side of Carlyle that is perhaps less appreciated than it deserves to be.

¹ Cf. "Martin Luther," pp. 10-17; "Sophie-Charlotte," pp. 99-103.

² Cf. "The Flight to Varennes," pp. 29-45; "The Battle of Dunbar," pp. 58-66; "The Battles of Torgau and Prag," pp. 67-99.

³ Cf. "The Dignity of Labour," pp. 26-28.

⁴ Cf. "Books and Reading," pp. 17-20.

BIOGRAPHICAL SUMMARY

Thomas Carlyle born at Ecclefechan, Dumfriesshire, Scotland,	-	1795
Entered Edinburgh University,	- - - - -	1809
"Life of Schiller" appeared in "London Magazine,"	- -	1824
Translated Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister,"	- - - - -	1824
Married Jane Welsh and settled in Edinburgh,	- - - - -	1826
Lived at Craigenputtock, Dumfriesshire,	- - - - -	1828-34
Settled in London,	- - - - -	1834
Published "French Revolution,"	- - - - -	1837
„ "Heroes and Hero-Worship,"	- - - - -	1841
„ "Past and Present,"	- - - - -	1843
„ "Oliver Cromwell,"	- - - - -	1845
„ "Life of Sterling,"	- - - - -	1851
„ "Frederick the Great,"	- - - - -	1858-65
Death of Mrs. Carlyle,	- - - - -	1866
His own death and burial at Ecclefechan,	- - - - -	1881

[The fullest account of Carlyle's life may be read in the following works by J. A. Froude "Reminiscences" (1881); "History of First Forty Years of Carlyle's Life" (1882); "Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle" (1883); and "History of Carlyle's Life in London" (1884).]

SELECTIONS FROM CARLYLE

PASSAGES FROM "HEROES AND HERO-WORSHIP" (1841).

[In May, 1840, Carlyle delivered in London a course of lectures on "Heroes and Hero-Worship." They were six in number, treating respectively of the hero as divinity (Odin); as prophet (Mahomet); as poet (Dante, Shakespeare); as priest (Luther, Knox); as man of letters (Johnson, Rousseau, Burns); as king (Cromwell, Napoleon).

To understand and appreciate the lectures it is necessary to know what Carlyle's conception of a hero was. He believed that every advance made by humanity was due to special individuals supremely gifted in mind and character, who were sent into the world by Providence when the world needed them. Carlyle did not believe that men were equal in mind and character: some would always possess greater intelligence, a stronger moral purpose than their neighbours. Men in general were unable to guide or govern themselves, and their only chance of improvement lay in following the guidance of those who were their natural superiors.

The lectures were most successful, but the excitement consequent on public speaking did not suit Carlyle, and he never spoke in public again, except in the address he gave as Rector of Edinburgh University in 1866.]

HEROES AND HERO-WORSHIP.

UNIVERSAL History, the history of what man has accomplished in this world, is at bottom the History of the

Great Men who have worked here. They were the leaders of men, these great ones; the modellers, patterns, and in a wide sense creators, of whatsoever the general mass of men contrived to do or to attain; all things that we see standing accomplished in the world are properly the outer material result, the practical realisation and embodiment, of thoughts that dwelt in the Great Men sent into the world: the soul of the whole world's history, it may justly be considered, were the history of these.

One comfort is, that Great Men, taken up any way, are profitable company. We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man, without gaining something by him. He is the living light-fountain, which it is good and pleasant to be near. The light which enlightens, which has enlightened the darkness of the world; and this not as a kindled lamp only, but rather as a natural luminary shining by the gift of Heaven; a flowing light-fountain, as I say, of native original insight, of manhood and heroic nobleness;—in whose radiance all souls feel that it is well with them.

Worship of a Hero is transcendent admiration of a Great Man. I say, there is, at bottom, nothing else admirable! No nobler feeling than this of admiration for one higher than himself dwells in the breast of man. It is to this hour, and at all hours, the vivifying influence in man's life. Religion I find stand upon it; not Paganism only, but far higher and truer religions,—all religion hitherto known. Hero-worship, heartfelt prostrate admiration, submission, burning, boundless, for a noblest godlike Form of Man,—is not that the germ of Christianity itself? The greatest of all Heroes is One—whom we do not name here! Let sacred silence meditate that sacred matter; you will find it the ultimate perfection of a principle extant throughout man's whole history on earth.

Or coming into lower, less unspeakable provinces, is not all Loyalty akin to religious Faith also? Faith is loyalty to some inspired Teacher, some spiritual Hero. And what therefore is loyalty proper, the life-breath of all society, but an effluence of Hero-worship, submissive admiration for the truly great? Society is founded on

Hero-worship. All dignities of rank, on which human association rests, are what we may call a *Heroarchy* (Government of Heroes),—or a *Hierarchy*, for it is 'sacred' enough withal! The Duke means *Dux*, Leader; King is *Kön-ning*, *Kan-ning*, Man that knows or cans. Society everywhere is some representation, not insupportably inaccurate, of a graduated Worship of Heroes;—reverence and obedience done to men really great and wise. Not insupportably inaccurate, I say! They are all as bank-notes, these social dignitaries, all representing gold;—and several of them, alas, always are *forged* notes. We can do with some forged false notes; with a good many even; but not with all, or the most of them forged! No: there have to come revolutions then; cries of Democracy, Liberty, and Equality, and I know not what:—the notes being all false, and no gold to be had for them, people take to crying in their despair that there is no gold, that there never was any!—'Gold,' Hero-worship is nevertheless, as it was always and everywhere, and cannot cease till man himself ceases.

I am well aware that in these days Hero-worship, the thing I call Hero-worship, professes to have gone out, and finally ceased. This, for reasons which it will be worth while some time to inquire into, is an age that as it were denies the existence of great men; denies the desirableness of great men. Show our critics a great man, a Luther, for example, they begin to what they call 'account' for him; not to worship him, but take the dimensions of him,—and bring him out to be a little kind of man! He was the 'creature of the Time,' they say; the Time called him forth, the Time did everything, he nothing—but what we the little critic could have done too! This seems to me but melancholy work. The Time call forth? Alas, we have known Times call loudly enough for their great man; but not find him when they called! He was not there; Providence had not sent him; the Time, calling its loudest, had to go down to confusion and wreck because he would not come when called.

For if we will think of it, no Time need have gone to ruin, could it have *found* a man great enough, a man

wise and good enough : wisdom to discern truly what the Time wanted, valour to lead it on the right road thither ; these are the salvation of any Time. But I liken common languid Times, with their unbelief, distress, perplexity, with their languid doubting characters and embarrassed circumstances, impotently crumbling down into ever worse distress towards final ruin ; —all this I liken to dry dead fuel, waiting for the lightning out of Heaven that shall kindle it. The great man, with his free force direct out of God's own hand, is the lightning. His word is the wise healing word which all can believe in. All blazes round him now, when he has once struck on it, into fire like his own. The dry mouldering sticks are thought to have called him forth. They did want him greatly ; but as to calling him forth—!—Those are critics of small vision, I think, who cry : " See, is it not the sticks that made the fire ? " No sadder proof can be given by a man of his own littleness than disbelief in great men. There is no sadder symptom of a generation than such general blindness to the spiritual lightning, with faith only in the heap of barren dead fuel. It is the last consummation of unbelief. † In all epochs of the world's history, we shall find the Great Man to have been the indispensable saviour of his epoch ;—the lightning, without which the fuel never would have burnt. The History of the World, I said already, was the Biography of Great Men.

Yes, from Norse Odin to English Samuel Johnson, from the Divine Founder of Christianity to the withered Pontiff of Encyclopedism, in all times and places, the Hero has been worshipped. It will ever be so. We all love great men ; love, venerate, and bow down submissive before great men : nay, can we honestly bow down to anything else ? Ah, does not every true man feel that he is himself made higher by doing reverence to what is really above him ? No nobler or more blessed feeling dwells in man's heart.

THE HERO AS DIVINITY.

It is well said, in every sense, that a man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him. A man's or a nation of men's. Let us look for a little at the Hero as Divinity, the oldest primary form of Heroism. Surely it seems a very strange-looking thing this Paganism; almost inconceivable to us in these days. A bewildering, inextricable jungle of delusions, confusions, falsehoods, and absurdities, covering the whole field of Life! A thing that fills us with astonishment, almost, if it were possible, with incredulity,—for truly it is not easy to understand that sane men could ever calmly, with their eyes open, believe and live by such a set of doctrines. That men should have worshipped their poor fellow-man as a God, and not him only, but stocks and stones, and all manner of animate and inanimate objects; and fashioned for themselves such a distracted chaos of hallucinations by way of Theory of the Universe: all this looks like an incredible fable. Nevertheless it is a clear fact that they did it. Such hideous, inextricable jungle of misworships, misbeliefs, men, made as we are, did actually hold by, and live at home in. This is strange. Yes, we may pause in sorrow and silence over the depths of darkness that are in man; if we rejoice in the heights of purer vision he has attained to. Such things were and are in man; in all men; in us too.

Some speculators have a short way of accounting for the Pagan religion: mere quackery, priestcraft, and dupery, say they; no sane man ever did believe it,—merely contrived to persuade other men, not worthy of the name of sane, to believe it! I protest against this sort of hypothesis in reference to Paganism, and to all other isms by which man has ever for a length of time striven to walk in this world. They have all had a truth in them, or men would not have taken them up. Quackery gives birth to nothing; gives death to all things. We shall not see into the true heart of anything, if we look merely at the quackeries of it; if we do not reject the quackeries altogether; as mere diseases, corruptions, with which our and all men's sole duty is

to have done with them, to sweep them out of our thoughts as out of our practice. Man everywhere is the born enemy of lies. We shall begin to have a chance of understanding Paganism, when we first admit that to its followers it was, at one time, earnestly true. Let us consider it very certain that men did believe in Paganism; men with open eyes, sound senses, men made altogether like ourselves; that we, had we been there, should have believed in it. Ask now, What Paganism could have been?

You remember that fancy of Plato's, of a man who had grown to maturity in some dark distance, and was brought on a sudden into the upper air to see the sun rise. What would his wonder be, his rapt astonishment at the sight we daily witness with indifference! With the free open sense of a child, yet with the ripe faculty of a man, his whole heart would be kindled by that sight, he would discern it well to be Godlike, his soul would fall down in worship before it. Now, just such a childlike greatness was in the primitive nations. The first Pagan Thinker among rude men, the first man that began to think, was precisely this child-man of Plato's. Simple, open as a child, yet with the depth and strength of a man. Nature had as yet no name to him; he had not yet united under a name the infinite variety of sights, sounds, shapes and motions, which we now collectively name Universe, Nature, or the like,—and so with a name dismiss it from us. To the wild, deep-hearted man all was yet new, not veiled under names or formulas; it stood naked, flashing-in on him there, beautiful, awful, unspeakable. Nature was to this man, what to the Thinker and Prophet it forever is, *preternatural*. This green, flowery, rock-built earth, the trees, the mountains, rivers, many-sounding seas;—that great deep sea of azure that swims overhead; the winds sweeping through it; the black cloud fashioning itself together, now pouring out fire, now hail and rain; what is it? Ay, what? At bottom we do not yet know; we can never know at all. It is not by our superior insight that we escape the difficulty; it is by our superior levity, our inattention, our *want* of insight. It is by *not* thinking that we cease to wonder at it. Hardened round us,

encasing wholly every notion we form, is a wrappage of traditions, hearsays, mere *words*. We call that fire of the black thunder-cloud 'electricity,' and lecture learnedly about it, and grind the like of it out of glass and silk: but *what* is it? What made it? Whence comes it? Whither goes it? Science has done much for us; but it is a poor science that would hide from us the great deep sacred infinitude of Nescience, whither we can never penetrate, on which all science swims as a mere superficial film. This world, after all our science and sciences, is still a miracle; wonderful, inscrutable, *magical* and more, to whosoever will *think* of it.

What in such a time as ours it requires a Prophet or Poet to teach us, namely, the stripping-off of those poor undevout wrappages, nomenclatures, and scientific hearsays,—this, the ancient earnest soul, as yet unencumbered with these things, did for itself. The world which is now divine only to the gifted, was then divine to whosoever would turn his eye upon it. He stood bare before it face to face. Canopus shining-down over the desert, with its blue diamond brightness (that wild blue spirit-like brightness, far brighter than we ever witness here), would pierce into the heart of the wild Ishmaelitish man, whom it was guiding through the solitary waste there. To his wild heart, with all feelings in it, with no *speech* for any feeling, it might seem a little eye, that Canopus, glancing-out on him from the great deep Eternity; revealing the inner splendour to him. Cannot we understand how these men *worshipped* Canopus; became what we call Sabeans, worshipping the stars? Such is to me the secret of all forms of Paganism. Worship is transcendent wonder; wonder for which there is now no limit or measure; that is worship. To these primeval men, all things and everything they saw exist beside them were an emblem of the Godlike, of some God.

I think Scandinavian Paganism, to us here, is more interesting than any other. It is, for one thing, the latest; it continued in these regions of Europe till the eleventh century: eight hundred years ago the Norwegians were still worshippers of Odin. It is interesting also as the Creed of our fathers; the men whose blood

SELECTIONS FROM CARLYLE

still runs in our veins, whom doubtless we still resemble in so many ways. Strange : they did believe that, while we believe so differently.

The primary characteristic of this old Northland mythology I find to be Impersonation of the visible workings of Nature. Earnest, simple recognition of the workings of Physical Nature, as a thing wholly miraculous, stupendous and divine. What we now lecture of as Science, they wondered at, and fell down in awe before, as Religion. The dark hostile Powers of Nature they figure to themselves as "Jötuns," Giants, huge shaggy beings of a demonic character. Frost, Fire, Sea-tempest; these are Jötuns. The friendly Powers again, as Summer-heat, the Sun, are Gods. The Empire of this Universe is divided between these two; they dwell apart, in perennial internecine feud. The Gods dwell above in Asgard, the Garden of the Asen, or Divinities; Jötunheim, a distant, dark, chaotic land, is the home of the Jötuns.

Curious all this; and not idle or inane, if we will look at the foundation of it! The power of *Fire*, or *Flame*, for instance, which we designate by some trivial chemical name, thereby hiding from ourselves the essential character of wonder that dwells in it as in all things, is with these old Northmen, Loke, a most swift subtle *Demon*, of the brood of the Jötuns. The savages of the Ladrones Islands too (say some Spanish voyagers) thought Fire, which they never had seen before, was a devil or god, that bit you sharply when you touched it, and that lived upon dry wood. From us too no Chemistry, if it had not stupidity to help it, would hide that Flame is a wonder. What is Flame? Thunder was not then mere Electricity, vitreous or resinous; it was the God Donner (Thunder) or Thor,—God also of beneficent Summer-heat. The thunder was his wrath; the gathering of black clouds is the drawing-down of Thor's angry brows; the fire-bolt bursting out of Heaven is the all-rending Hammer flung from the hand of Thor: he urges his loud chariot over the mountain-tops,—that is the peal; wrathful he 'blows in his red beard,'—that is the rustling stormblast before the thunder begin.

Well, it is strange enough this old Norse view of Nature; different enough from what we believe of Nature. Whence it specially came, one would not like to be compelled to say very minutely! One thing we may say: It came from the thoughts of Norse men;—from the thought, above all, of the *first* Norse man who had an original power of thinking. The First Norse 'Man of Genius,' as we should call him! Innumerable men had passed by, across this Universe, with a dumb vague wonder, such as the very animals may feel; or with a painful, fruitlessly enquiring wonder, such as men only feel;—till the great Thinker came, the *original* man, the Seer; whose shaped spoken thought awakes the slumbering capability of all into thought. It is ever the way with the Thinker, the Spiritual Hero. What he says, all men were not far from saying, were longing to say. The thoughts of all start up, as from painful enchanted sleep, round his thought; answering to it, Yes, even so! Joyful to men as the dawning of day from night;—is it not, indeed, the awakening for them from no-being into being, from death into life? We still honour such a man; call him Poet, Genius, and so forth: but to these wild men he was a very magician, a worker of miraculous unexpected blessing for them; a Prophet, a God! Thought once awakened does not again slumber; unfolds itself into a system of thought; grows, in man after man, generation after generation,—till its full stature is reached, and *such* System of Thought can grow no farther, but must give place to another.

For the Norse people, the man now named Odin, and Chief Norse God, we fancy, was such a man. A Teacher, and Captain of soul and of body; a Hero, of worth immeasurable; admiration for whom, transcending the known bounds, became adoration. Has he not the power of articulate thinking; and many other powers, as yet miraculous? So, with boundless gratitude, would the rude Norse heart feel. Has he not solved for them the sphinx-enigma of this Universe; given assurance to them of their own destiny there? By him they know now what they have to do here, what to look for hereafter. Existence has become articulate,

melodious by him; he first has made Life alive!—We may call this Odin, the origin of Norse Mythology: Odin, or whatever name the first Norse Thinker bore while he was a man among men. His view of the Universe once promulgated, a like view starts into being in all minds; grows, keeps ever growing; while it continues credible there. In all minds it lay written, but invisibly, as in sympathetic ink; at his word it starts into visibility on all. Nay, in every epoch of the world, the great event, parent of all others, is it not the arrival of a Thinker in the world!—Thought, I say, is always Thought. No great man lives in vain. The History of the world is but the Biography of great men.

MARTIN LUTHER.

LUTHER's birthplace was Eisleben in Saxony; he came into the world there on the 10th of November 1483. His parents, poor mine-labourers in a village of that region, named Mohra, had gone to the Eisleben Winter Fair, and there the boy Martin Luther was born. Strange enough to reflect upon it. This poor Frau Luther, she had gone with her husband to make her small merchandisings; perhaps to sell the lock of yarn she had been spinning, to buy the small winter-necessaries for her narrow hut or household; in the whole world, that day there was not a more entirely unimportant-looking pair of people than this miner and his wife. And yet what were all Emperors, Popes, and Potentates, in comparison? There was born here, once more, a mighty man; whose light was to flame as the beacon over long centuries and epochs of the world; the whole world and its history was waiting for this man. It is strange, it is great. It leads us back to another birth-hour, in a still meaner environment, eighteen hundred years ago,—of which it is fit that we say nothing, that we think only in silence; for what words are there! The Age of Miracles past? The Age of Miracles is forever here!

I find it altogether suitable to Luther's function in this earth, and doubtless wisely ordered to that end by

the Providence presiding over him and us and all things, that he was born poor, and brought-up poor, one of the poorest of men. He had to beg, as the school-children in those times did; singing for alms and bread, from door to door. Hardship, rigorous necessity was the poor boy's companion; no man nor no thing would put on a false face to flatter Martin Luther. Among things, not among the shows of things, had he to grow. A boy of rude figure, yet with weak health, with his large greedy soul, full of all faculty and sensibility, he suffered greatly. But it was his task to get acquainted with *realities*, and keep acquainted with them, at whatever cost: his task was to bring the whole world back to reality, for it had dwelt too long with semblance! A youth nursed-up in wintry whirlwinds, in desolate darkness and difficulty, that he may step-forth at last from his stormy Scandinavia, strong as a true man, as a god: a Christian Odin,—a right Thor once more, with his thunder-hammer, to smite asunder ugly enough Jötuns and Giant-monsters!

Perhaps the turning incident of his life, we may fancy, was that death of his friend Alexis, by lightning, at the gate of Erfurt. Luther had struggled-up through boyhood, better and worse; displaying in spite of all hindrances, the largest intellect, eager to learn: his father judging doubtless that he might promote himself in the world, set him upon the study of Law. This was the path to rise; Luther with his little will in it either way, had consented: he was now nineteen years of age. Alexis and he had been to see the old Luther people at Mansfeldt; were got back again near Erfurt, when a thunderstorm came on; the bolt struck Alexis, he fell dead at Luther's feet. What is this life of ours?—gone in a moment, burnt-up like a scroll, into blank Eternity! What are all earthly preferments; Chancellorships, Kingships? They lie shrunk together—there! The Earth has opened on them; in a moment they are not, and Eternity is. Luther, struck to the heart, determined to devote himself to God and God's service alone. In spite of all dissuasions from his father and others, he became a monk in the Augustine Convent at Erfurt.

It must have been a most blessed discovery, that of

an old Latin Bible which he found in the Erfurt Library about this time. He had never seen the Book before. It taught him another lesson than that of fasts and vigils. A brother monk too, of pious experience, was helpful. Luther learned now that a man was saved not by singing masses, but by the infinite grace of God : a more credible hypothesis. He gradually got himself founded, as on the rock. No wonder he should venerate the Bible, which had brought this blessed help to him. He prized it as the Word of the Highest must be prized by such a man. He determined to hold by that ; as through life and to death he firmly did.

That he should now grow daily in peace and clearness ; that, unfolding now the great talents and virtues implanted in him, he should rise to importance in his Convent, in his country, and be found more and more useful in all honest business of life, is a natural result. He was sent on missions by his Augustine Order as a man of talent and fidelity fit to do their business well : the Elector of Saxony, Friedrich, named the Wise, a truly wise and just prince, had cast his eye on him as a valuable person ; made him Professor in his new University of Wittenberg, Preacher too at Wittenberg ; in both which capacities, as in all duties he did, this Luther, in the peaceable sphere of common life, was gaining more and more esteem with all good men.

It was in his twenty-seventh year that he first saw Rome ; being sent thither, as I said, on mission from his Convent. Pope Julius the Second, and what was going-on at Rome, must have filled the mind of Luther with amazement. He had come as to the Sacred City, throne of God's High Priest on Earth ; and he found it—what we know ! Many thoughts it must have given the man ; many which we have no record of, which perhaps he did not himself know how to utter. This Rome, this scene of false priests, clothed not in the beauty of holiness, but in far other vesture, is *false* : but what is it to Luther ? A mean man he, how shall he reform a world ? That was far from his thoughts. A humble, solitary man, why should he at all meddle with the world ? It was the task of quite higher men than he. His business was to guide his own footsteps

wisely through the world. Let him do his own obscure duty in it well; the rest, horrible and dismal as it looks, is in God's hand, not in his.

It is curious to reflect what might have been the issue, had Roman Popery happened to pass this Luther by; to go on in its great wasteful orbit, and not come athwart his little path, and force him to assault it! Conceivable enough that, in this case, he might have held his peace about the abuses of Rome; left Providence, and God on high, to deal with them! A modest quiet man; not prompt he to attack irreverently persons in authority. His clear task, as I say, was to do his own duty; to walk wisely in this world of confused wickedness, and save his own soul alive. But the Roman Highpriesthood did come athwart him: afar off at Wittenberg he, Luther, could not get lived in honesty for it; he remonstrated, resisted, came to extremity; was struck-at, struck again, and so it came to wager of battle between them! This is worth attending to in Luther's history. Perhaps no man of so humble, peaceable a disposition ever filled the world with contention. We cannot but see that he would have loved privacy, quiet diligence in the shade; that it was against his will he ever became a notoriety. Notoriety, what would that do for him? The goal of his march through this world was the Infinite Heaven; an indubitable goal for him: in a few years, he should either have attained that, or lost it forever!

The Monk Tetzl, sent out carelessly in the way of trade, by Leo Tenth,—who merely wanted to raise a little money, and for the rest seems to have been a Pagan rather than a Christian, so far as he was anything,—arrived at Wittenberg, and drove his scandalous trade there. Luther's flock bought Indulgences; in the confessional of his Church, people pleaded to him that they had already got their sins pardoned. Luther, if he would not be found wanting at his own post, a false sluggard and coward at the very centre of the little space of ground that was his own and no other man's, had to step-forth against Indulgence, and declare aloud that *they* were a futility and sorrowful mockery, that no man's sins could be pardoned by *them*. It was the

beginning of the whole Reformation. We know how it went; forward from this first public challenge of Tetzél, on the last day of October, 1517, through remonstrance and argument;—spreading ever wider, rising ever higher; till it became unquenchable, and enveloped all the world. Luther's heart's-desire was to have this grief and other griefs amended; his thought was still far other than that of introducing separation in the Church, or revolting against the Pope, Father of Christendom.

The elegant Pagan Pope cared little about this Monk and his doctrines; wished, however, to have done with the noise of him: in a space of some three years, having tried various softer methods, he thought good to end it by fire. He dooms the Monk's writings to be burnt by the hangman, and his body to be sent bound to Rome, —probably for a similar purpose. It was the way they had ended with Huss, with Jerome, the century before. A short argument, fire. Poor Huss: he came to that Constance Council, with all imaginable promises and safe-conducts; an earnest, not rebellious kind of man; they laid him instantly in a stone-dungeon 'three-feet wide, six-feet high, seven-feet long;' burnt the true voice of him out of the world; choked it in smoke and fire. That was *not* well done!

I, for one, pardon Luther for now altogether revolting against the Pope. The elegant Pagan, by this fire-decree of his, had kindled into noble just wrath the bravest heart then living in this world. The bravest, if also one of the humblest, peaceablest; it was now kindled. These words of mine, words of truth and soberness, aiming faithfully, as human inability would allow, to promote God's truth on Earth, and save men's souls, you, God's vicegerent on earth, answer them by the hangman and fire? You will burn me and them, for answer to the God's message they strove to bring you? You are not God's vicegerent; you are another's than His, I think! I take your Bull, as an imparchmented Lie, and burn it. You will do what you see good next: this is what I do.—It was on the 10th of December, 1520, three years after the beginning of the business, that Luther, 'with a great concourse of people,' took

this indignant step of burning the Pope's fire-decree 'at the Elster-Gate of Wittenberg.' Wittenberg looked on 'with shoutings'; the whole world was looking on. The Pope should not have provoked that 'shout'! It was the shout of the awakening of nations. The quiet German heart, modest, patient of much, had at length got more than it could bear. Formulism, Pagan Popeism, and other Falsehood and corrupt Semblance, had ruled long enough: and here once more was a man found who durst tell all men that God's-world stood not on semblances but on realities; that Life was a truth, and not a lie!

The Diet of Worms, Luther's appearance there on the 17th of April, 1521, may be considered as the greatest scene in Modern European History; the point, indeed, from which the whole subsequent history of civilization takes its rise. After multiplied negotiations, disputations, it had come to this. The young Emperor Charles Fifth, with all the Princes of Germany, Papal nuncios, dignitaries spiritual and temporal, are assembled there: Luther is to appear and answer for himself, whether he will recant or not. The world's pomp and power sits there on this hand: on that, stands-up for God's Truth, one man, the poor miner Hans Luther's son. Friends had reminded him of Huss, advised him not to go; he would not be advised. A large company of friends rode-out to meet him, with still more earnest warnings; he answered, "Were there as many Devils in Worms as there are roof-tiles, I would on." The people, on the morrow, as he went to the Hall of the Diet, crowded the windows and house-tops, some of them calling out to him, in solemn words, not to recant.

Luther's speech, of two hours, distinguished itself by its respectful, wise and honest tone; submissive to whatsoever could lawfully claim submission, not submissive to any more than that. His writings, he said, were partly his own, partly derived from the Word of God. As to what was his own, human infirmity entered into it; unguarded anger, blindness, many things doubtless which it were a blessing for him could he abolish altogether. But as to what stood on sound truth and the Word of God, he could not recant it. How could he?

"Confute me," he concluded, "by proofs of Scripture, or else by plain just arguments : I cannot recant otherwise. For it is neither safe nor prudent to do aught against conscience. Here stand I ; I can do no other : God assist me !" — It is, as we say, the greatest moment in the Modern History of Men. English Puritanism, England and its Parliaments, Americas, and vast work these two centuries ; French Revolution, Europe and its work everywhere at present : the germ of it all lay there : had Luther in that moment done other, it had all been otherwise !

Great wars, contention and disunion followed out of this Reformation, but none of them began so long as Luther continued living. The controversy did not get to fighting so long as he was there. To me it is proof of his greatness in all senses, this fact. How seldom do we find a man that has stirred up some vast commotion, who does not himself perish, swept-away in it ! Such is the usual course of revolutionists. Luther continued, in a good degree, sovereign of this greatest revolution ; all Protestants, of what rank or function soever, looking much to him for guidance : and he held it peaceable, continued firm at the centre of it. A man to do this must have a kingly faculty : he must have the gift to discern at all turns where the true heart of the matter lies, and to plant himself courageously on that, as a strong, true man, that other true men may rally round him there. He will not continue leader of men otherwise. Luther's clear deep force of judgment, his force of all sorts, of silence, of tolerance and moderation, among others, are very notable in these circumstances.

With sure prompt insight, he discriminates what is what : a strong just man, he speaks forth what is the wise course, and all men follow him in that. Luther's written works give similar testimony of him. The dialect of these speculations is now grown obsolete for us ; but one still reads them with a singular attraction. And indeed the mere grammatical diction is still legible enough ; Luther's merit in literary history is of the greatest ; his dialect became the language of all writing. They are not well written, these Four-and-twenty Quartos of his ; written hastily, with quite other than

literary objects. But in no Books have I found a more robust, genuine, I will say noble faculty of a man than in these. A rugged honesty, homeliness, simplicity; a rugged, sterling sense and strength. He flashes-out illumination from him; his smiling idiomatic phrases seem to cleave into the very secret of the matter. Good humour too, nay tender affection, nobleness, and depth: this man could have been a poet too! He had to work an Epic Poem, not write one. I call him a great Thinker; as indeed his greatness of heart already betokens that.

The basis of his life was Sadness, Earnestness. I will call this Luther a true great man; great in intellect, in courage, affection and integrity; one of our most lovable and precious men. Great, not as a hewn obelisk; but as an Alpine mountain—so simple, honest, spontaneous, not setting-up to be great at all; there for quite another purpose than being great! Ah yes, unsubduable granite, piercing far and wide into the Heavens; yet in the clefts of it fountains, green beautiful valleys with flowers! A right Spiritual Hero and Prophet; once more, a true Son of Nature and Fact, for whom these centuries, and many that are to come yet, will be thankful to Heaven.

BOOKS AND READING.

CERTAINLY the Art of Writing is the most miraculous of all things man has devised. Odin's *Runes* were the first form of the work of a Hero; *Books*, written words, are still miraculous *Runes*, the latest form! In Books lies the *soul* of the whole Past Time; the articulate audible voice of the Past, when the body and material substance of it has altogether vanished like a dream. Mighty fleets and armies, harbours and arsenals, vast cities, high-domed, many-engined,—they are precious, great: but what do they become? Agamemnon, the many Agamemnons, Pericleses, and their Greece; all is gone now to some ruined fragments, dumb mournful wrecks and blocks; but the Books of Greece! There Greece, to every thinker, still very literally lives; can

be called up again into life. No magic Rune is stranger than a Book. All that mankind has done, thought, gained or been : it is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of Books. They are the chosen possession of men.

Do not Books still accomplish *miracles*, as *Runes* were fabled to do? They persuade men. Not the wretchedest circulating-library novel, which foolish girls thumb and con in remote villages, but will help to regulate the actual practical weddings and households of those foolish girls. So 'Celia' felt, so 'Clifford' acted : the foolish Theorem of Life, stamped into those young brains, comes out as a solid practice one day. Consider whether any *Rune* in the wildest imagination of Mythologist ever did such wonders as, on the actual firm Earth, some Books have done ! What built St. Paul's Cathedral? Look at the heart of the matter, it was that divine Hebrew Book,—the word partly of the man Moses, an outlaw tending his Midianitish herds, four-thousand years ago, in the wildernesses of Sinai ! It is the strangest of things, yet nothing is truer. With the art of Writing, of which Printing is a simple, an inevitable and comparatively insignificant corollary, the true reign of miracles for mankind commenced. It related, with a wondrous new contiguity and perpetual closeness, the Past and Distant with the Present in time and place ; all times and all places with this our actual Here and Now. All things were altered for men ; all modes of important work of men : teaching, preaching, governing, and all else.

To look at Teaching, for instance, Universities are a notable, respectable product of the modern ages. Their existence too is modified, to the very basis of it, by the existence of Books. Universities arose while there were yet no Books procurable ; while a man, for a single Book, had to give an estate of land. That, in those circumstances, when a man had some knowledge to communicate, he should do it by gathering the learners round him, face to face, was a necessity for him. If you wanted to know what Abelard knew, you must go and listen to Abelard. Thousands, as many as thirty-thousand, went to hear Abelard and that metaphysical

theology of his. And now for any other teacher who had also something of his own to teach, there was a great convenience opened: so many thousands eager to learn were already assembled yonder; of all places the best place for him was that. For any third teacher it was better still; and grew ever the better, the more teachers there came. It only needed now that the King took notice of this new phenomenon; combined or agglomerated the various Schools into one School; gave it edifices, privileges, encouragements, and named it *Universitas*, or School of all Sciences: the University of Paris, in its essential characters, was there. The model of all subsequent Universities; which down even to these days, for six centuries now, have gone on to found themselves. Such, I conceive, was the origin of Universities.

It is clear, however, that with this simple circumstance, facility of getting Books, the whole conditions of the business from top to bottom were changed. Once invent Printing, you metamorphosed all Universities, or superseded them! The Teacher needed not now to gather men personally round him, that he might *speake* to them what he knew: print it in a Book, and all learners far and wide, for a trifle, had it each at his own fireside, much more effectually to learn it!—Doubtless there is still peculiar Virtue in Speech; even writers of Books may still, in some circumstances, find it convenient to speak also,—witness our present meeting here! There is, one would say, and must ever remain while man has a tongue, a distinct province for Speech, as well as for Writing and Printing. In regard to all things this must remain; to Universities among others. But the limits of the two have nowhere yet been pointed out, ascertained; much less put in practice: the University which would completely take-in that great new fact, of the existence of Printed Books, and stand on a clear footing for the Nineteenth Century as the Paris one did for the Thirteenth, has not yet come into existence. If we think of it, all that a University, or final highest School can do for us, is still but what the first School began doing,—teach us to *read*. We learn to *read*, in various languages, in various sciences; we

learn the alphabet and letters of all manner of Books. But the place where we are to get knowledge, even theoretic knowledge, is the Books themselves! It depends on what we read, after all manner of Professors have done their best for us. The University of these days is a collection of Books.

PASSAGES FROM "PAST AND PRESENT"
(1843).

[IN 1842 when Carlyle was much troubled by the misery and discontent prevailing in England, he came across the old Chronicle of Jocelin of Brakelond, and made it the foundation of a volume setting forth the social difficulties of the time. But we now value Carlyle's book not for its exposition of contemporary social questions, but for the brilliant picture of mediaeval life contained in the Second Book. The description of the Abbey of St. Edmundsbury has no parallel in modern literature for the marvellously vivid way in which it makes the past live and breathe again.]

THE ELECTION OF AN ABBOT IN THE
TWELFTH CENTURY

ACCORDINGLY our Prior assembles us in Chapter; and we adjuring him before God to do justly, nominates, not by our selection, yet with our assent, Twelve Monks, moderately satisfactory. Of whom are Hugo, Third-Prior, Brother Dennis, a venerable man, Walter the *Medicus*, Samson *Subsacrista*, and other esteemed characters,—though Willelmus *Sacrista*, of the red nose, too is one. These shall proceed straightway to Waltham; and there elect the Abbot as they may and can. Monks are sworn to obedience; must not speak too loud, under penalty of foot-gyves, limbo, and bread and water: yet monks too would know what it is they are obeying. The St. Edmundsbury Community has no hustings, ballot-box, indeed no open voting: yet by various vague manipulations, pulse-feelings, we struggle to ascertain what its virtual aim is, and succeed better or worse.

This question, however, rises; alas, a quite preliminary question: Will the *Dominus Rex* allow us to choose freely? It is to be hoped! Well, if so, we agree to choose one of our own Convent. If not, if the *Dominus Rex* will force a stranger on us, we decide on demurring, the Prior and his Twelve shall demur: we can appeal, plead, remonstrate; appeal even to the Pope, but trust it will not be necessary. Then there is this other question, raised by Brother Samson: What if the Thirteen should not themselves be able to agree? Brother Samson *Subsacrista*, one remarks, is ready oftenest with some question, some suggestion, that has wisdom in it. Though a servant of servants, and saying little, his words all tell, having sense in them; it seems by his light mainly that we steer ourselves in this great dimness.

What if the Thirteen should not themselves be able to agree? Speak, Samson, and advise.—Could not, hints Samson, Six of our venerablest elders be chosen by us, a kind of electoral committee, here and now: of these, 'with their hand on the Gospels, with their eye on the *Sacrosancta*,' we take oath that they will do faithfully; let these, in secret and as before God, agree on Three whom they reckon fittest; write their names in a Paper, and deliver the same sealed, forthwith, to the Thirteen: one of those Three the Thirteen shall fix on, if permitted. If not permitted, that is to say, if the *Dominus Rex* force us to demur,—the Paper shall be brought back unopened, and publicly burned, that no man's secret bring him into trouble.

So Samson advises, so we act; wisely, in this and in other crises of the business. Our electoral Committee, its eye on the *Sacrosancta*, is soon named, soon sworn; and we striking up the Fifth Psalm, '*Verba mea*,

'Give ear unto my words, O Lord,
My meditation weigh,'

march out chanting, and leave the Six to their work in the Chapter here. The work, before long, they announce as finished: they, with their eye on the *Sacrosancta*, imprecating the Lord to weigh and witness their meditation, have fixed on Three names, and written

them in this Sealed Paper. Let Samson Subsacrista, general servant of the party, take charge of it. On the morrow morning, our Prior and his Twelve will be ready to get under way.

On the morrow morning, accordingly, our Thirteen set forth; or rather our Prior and Eleven; for Samson, as general servant of the party, has to linger, settling many things. At length he too gets upon the road; and, 'carrying the Sealed Paper in a leathern pouch hung round his neck'; and (thanks to thee Bozzy Jocelin) 'his frock-skirts looped over his elbow,' showing substantial stern-works, tramps stoutly along. Away across the Heath, not yet of Newmarket and horse-jockeying; across your Fleam-dike and Devil's-dike, no longer useful as a Mercian East-Anglian boundary or bulwark: continually towards Waltham, and the Bishop of Winchester's House there, for his Majesty is in that. Brother Samson, as purse-bearer, has the reckoning always, when there is one, to pay; 'delays are numerous,' progress none of the swiftest.

But now, sure enough, at Waltham 'on the Second Sunday of Quadragesima,' which Dryasdust declares to mean the 22nd day of February, year 1182, Thirteen St. Edmundsbury Monks are, at last, seen processioning towards the Winchester Manorhouse; and in some high Presence-Chamber, and Hall of State, get access to Henry II. in all his glory. What a Hall,—not imaginary in the least, but entirely real and indisputable, though so extremely dim to us; sunk in the deep distances of Night! The Winchester Manorhouse has fled bodily, like a Dream of the old Night; not Dryasdust himself can show a wreck of it. House and people, royal and episcopal, lords and varlets, where are they? Why *there*, I say, Seven Centuries off; sunk so far in the Night, there they *are*; peep through the blankets of the old Night, and thou wilt see! King Henry himself is visibly there, a vivid, noble-looking man, with grizzled beard, in glittering uncertain costume; with earls round him, and bishops and dignitaries, in the like. The Hall is large, and has for one thing an altar near it,—chapel and altar adjoining it; but what gilt seats, carved tables, carpeting of rush-cloth, what arras-hang-

ings, and* huge fire of logs :—alas, it has Human Life in it; and is not that the grand miracle, in what hangings or costume whatsoever?—

The *Dominus Rex*, benignantly receiving our Thirteen with their obeisance, and graciously declaring that he will strive to act for God's honour, and the Church's good, commands, 'by the Bishop of Winchester and Geoffrey the Chancellor,' "That they the said Thirteen do now withdraw, and fix upon Three from their own Monastery." A work soon done; the Three hanging ready round Samson's neck, in that leather pouch of his. Breaking the seal, we find the names,—what think ye of it, ye higher dignitaries, thou indolent Prior, thou Willelmus *Sacrista* with his red bottle-nose"—the names, in this order: of Samson *Subsacrista*, of Roger the distressed Cellarer, of Hugo *Tertius Prior*.

The higher dignitaries, all omitted here, 'flush suddenly red in the face'; but have nothing to say. One curious fact and question certainly is, How Hugo Third-Prior, who was of the electoral committee, came to, nominate *himself* as one of the 'Three.' A curious fact, which Hugo Third-Prior has never yet entirely explained, that I know of!—However, we return, and report to the King our Three names; merely altering the order; putting Samson last, as lowest of all. The King, at recitation of our Three, asks us: "Who are they? Were they born in my domain? Totally unknown to me! You must nominate three others." Whereupon Willelmus *Sacrista* says, "Our Prior must be named, being already our head." And the Prior responds, "Willelmus *Sacrista* is a fit man,"—for all his red nose. Venerable Dennis now is named; none in his conscience can say nay. There are now Six on our List. "Well," said the King, "they have done it swiftly, they!" The Monks withdraw again; and Majesty revolves, for a little, with his *Pares* and *Episcopi*, Lords or '*Lawwards*,' and Soul-overseers, the thoughts of the royal breast. The Monks wait silent in an outer room.

In a short while, they are next ordered, To add yet another three; but not from their own Convent; from other Convents, "for the honour of my kingdom." Here,—what is to be done here? We will demur, if

need be ! We do name three, however, for the nonce : the Prior of St. Faith's, a good Monk of St. Neot's, a good Monk of St. Alban's ; good men all ; all made abbots and dignitaries since, at this hour. There are now Nine upon our List. What the thoughts of the Dominus Rex may be farther ? The Dominus Rex, thanking graciously, sends out word that we shall now strike off three. The three strangers are instantly struck off. Willelmus Sacrista adds, that he will of his own accord decline,—a touch of grace and respect for the *Sacrosancta*, even in Willelmus ! The King then orders us to strike off a couple more ; then get one more : Hugo Third-Prior goes, and Roger *Cellarius*, and venerable Monk-‘Dennis’ ;—and now there remain on our List two only, Samson Subsacrista and the Prior.

Which of these two ? It were hard to say,—by monks who may get themselves foot-gyved and thrown into limbo, for speaking, we humbly request that the Bishop of Winchester and Geoffrey the Chancellor may again enter, and help us to decide. “Which do you want ?” asks the Bishop. Venerable Dennis made a speech, ‘commending the persons of the Prior and Samson ; but always in the corner of his discourse, brought Samson in.’ “I see,” said the Bishop : “We are to understand that your Prior is somewhat remiss ; that you want to have him you call Samson for Abbot.” “Either of them is good,” said venerable Dennis, almost trembling ; “but we would have the better if it pleased God.” “Which of the two *do* you want,” inquires the Bishop pointedly. “Samson !” answered Dennis ; “Samson !” echoed all of the rest that durst speak or echo anything : and Samson is reported to the King accordingly. His Majesty, advising of it for a moment, orders that Samson be brought in with the other Twelve.

The King’s Majesty, looking at us somewhat sternly, then says, “You present to me Samson ; I do not know him : had it been your Prior, whom I do know, I should have accepted him : however, I will now do as you wish. But have a care of yourselves. By the true eyes of God, if you manage badly, I will be upon you !” Samson, therefore, steps forward, kisses the King’s feet ; but

swiftly rises erect again, swiftly turns towards the altar, uplifting with the other Twelve, in clear tenor-note, the Fifty-first Psalm,

'After Thy loving-kindness, Lord,
Have mercy upon me;'

with firm voice, firm step and head, no change in his countenance whatever. "By God's eyes," said the King, "that one, I think, will govern the Abbey well." By the same oath (charged to your Majesty's account), I too am precisely of that opinion! It is some while since I fell in with a likelier man anywhere than this new Abbot Samson. Long life to him, and may the Lord have mercy on him as Abbot!

THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR.

(*Laborare est Orare*, Work is Worship.)

ALL work is noble; work is alone noble. There is a perennial nobleness, and even sacredness, in work. Were he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works: in Idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Work, never so mean, is in communication with Nature; the real desire to get Work done will itself lead one more and more to truth, to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth.

The latest Gospel in this world is, Know thy work and do it. 'Know thyself': long enough has that poor 'self' of thine tormented thee; thou wilt never get to 'know' it, I believe! Think it not thy business, this of knowing thyself; thou art an unknowable individual: know what thou canst work at; and work at it like a Hercules! That will be thy better plan.

It has been written, 'an endless significance lies in Work;' a man perfects himself by working. Foul jungles are cleared away, fair seedfields rise instead, and stately cities; and withal the man himself just ceases to be a jungle and foul unwholesome desert thereby. Consider how, even in the meanest sorts of Labour, the

• whole soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony, the instant he sets himself to work ! Doubt, Desire, Sorrow, Remorse, Indignation, Despair itself, all these like helldogs lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker, as of every man : but he bends himself with free valour against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of Labour in him, is it not as purifying fire, wherein all poison is burnt up, and of sour smoke itself there is made bright blessed flames !

Blessed is he who has found his work ; let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work, a life-purpose ; he has found it, and will follow it ! How, as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the sour mud-swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river there, it runs and flows ;—draining off the sour festering water, gradually from the root of the remotest grass-blade ; making, instead of pestilential swamp, a green fruitful meadow with its clear-flowing stream. How blessed for the meadow itself, let the stream and *its* value be great or small ! Labour is Life : from the inmost heart of the Worker rises his God-given Force, the sacred celestial Life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God ; from his inmost heart awakens him to all nobleness,—to all knowledge, 'self-knowledge,' and much else, so soon as Work fitly begins. Knowledge ? The knowledge that will hold good in working, cleave thou to that. Properly thou hast no other knowledge but what thou hast got by working : the rest is yet all a hypothesis of knowledge ; a thing to be argued of in schools, a thing floating in the clouds, in endless logic-vortices, till we try it and fix it. 'Doubt, of whatever kind, can be ended by Action alone.'

All true Work is sacred ; in all true Work, were it but true hand-labour, there is something of divineness. Labour, wide as the Earth, has its summit in Heaven. 'Sweat of the brow' ; and up from that to sweat of the brain, sweat of the heart ; which includes all Kepler Calculations, Newton Meditations, all Sciences, all spoken Epics, all acted Heroisms, Martyrdoms,—up to

that 'Agony of bloody sweat,' which all men have called divine! O brother, if this is not 'worship,' then I say, the more pity for worship; for this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky. Who art thou that complainest of thy life of toil? •Complain not. Look up, my wearied brother; see thy fellow workmen there, in God's Eternity; surviving there, they alone surviving: sacred Band of the Immortals, celestial Bodyguard of the Empire of Mankind.

There is one Liturgy which does remain forever unexceptionable: that of *Praying* (as the old monks did withal) by *Working*. And indeed the Prayer which accomplished itself in special chapels at stated hours, and went not with a man, rising up from all his Work and Action, at all moments sanctifying the same,—What was it ever good for? 'Work is worship:' yes, in a highly considerable sense,—which, in the present state of all 'worship' who is there that can unfold? He that understands it well, understands the Prophecy of the whole Future; the last Evangel, which has included all others. *Its Cathedral the Dome of Immensity*,—hast thou seen it? Coped with the star-galaxies; paved with the green mosaic of land and ocean; and for altar, verily, the Star-throne of the Eternal! Its litany and psalmody the noble acts, the heroic work and suffering, and true heart-utterance of all the Valiant Sons of Men. Its choir-music the ancient winds and oceans, and deep-toned, inarticulate, but most speaking voices of Destiny and History,—supernal ever as of old.

"Work and despair not."

PASSAGES FROM "THE FRENCH REVOLUTION" (1837).

[CARLYLE began his history of the French Revolution in 1832. In 1835, when he finished the manuscript of the first volume, he lent it to his friend, John Stuart Mill, and while it was in Mill's hands it was burnt through the carelessness of a housemaid. "Well," said Carlyle to his wife, "Mill, poor fellow, is terribly cut up; we must endeavour to hide from him how very serious the business is to us." Carlyle bravely set to the work of re-writing, a heavy task, since he had kept no notes, but he succeeded, and completed the whole book in 1837.

Carlyle's "French Revolution" is a series of brilliant pictures rather than a regular, sober account of the course of affairs. Indeed, properly to understand and appreciate the work as a whole, it is almost essential to have first obtained from an ordinary text-book some knowledge of the events of the French Revolution. But the extracts here given may be enjoyed without any special knowledge, and will serve as examples of the verve and vivacity which Carlyle brought to his conception of how a history of those years should be written.]

THE FLIGHT TO VARENNES.

FOR above a year, ever since March, 1790, it would seem, there has hovered a project of Flight before the royal mind; and ever and anon has been condensing itself into something like a purpose; but this or the other difficulty always vaporised it again. It seems so full of risks, perhaps of civil war itself; above all, it cannot be done without effort. Somnolent laziness will

not serve : to fly, if not in a leather *vache*, one must verily stir himself.

Royalty, in fact, should by this time, be far on with its preparations. Unhappily much preparation is needful. Could a hereditary representative be carried in leather *vache*, how easy were it! But it is not so.

New Clothes are needed; as usual, in all Epic transactions, were it in the grimmest iron ages; consider 'Queen Chrimhilde, with her sixty sempstresses,' in that iron *Nibelungen Song*! No Queen can stir without new clothes. Therefore, now, Dame Campan, whisks assiduous to this mantua-maker and to that: and there is clipping of frocks and gowns, upper clothes and under, great and small; such a clipping and sewing, as might have been dispensed with. Moreover, her Majesty cannot go a step anywhither without her *Nécessaire*; dear *Nécessaire* of inlaid ivory and rosewood; cunningly devised; which holds perfumes, toilette implements, infinite small queenlike furnitures: necessary to terrestrial life. Nor without cost of some five hundred louis, of much precious time, and difficult hoodwinking which does not blind, can this same necessary of life be forwarded by the Flanders Carriers—never to get to hand. All which, you would say, augurs ill for the prospering of the enterprise. But the whims of women and queens must be humoured.

Count Fersen devoted to this fair Queen circulates widely, seen, unseen; and has business on hand. He has got a stupendous new Coach built, of the kind named *Berline*; done by the first artists; according to a model: they bring it home to him, in Choiseul's presence; the two friends take a proof-drive in it, along the streets; in meditative mood; then send it up to 'Madame Sullivan's, in the Rue de Clichy,' far North, to wait there till wanted. Apparently a certain Russian Baroness de Korff, with Waiting-woman, Valet, and two Children, will travel homewards with some state: in whom these young military gentlemen take interest? A Passport has been secured for her;—so helpful-polite are young military men. Fersen has likewise purchased a Chaise fit for two, at least for two waiting-maids;

further, certain necessary horses : one would say, he is himself quitting France, not without outlay?

On Monday night, the twentieth of June 1791, about eleven o'clock, there is many a hackney-coach and glass-coach still rumbling, or at rest, on the streets of Paris. But of all glass-coaches we recommend this to thee, O Reader, which stands drawn up in the Rue de l'Échelle, hard by the Carrousel and outgate of the Tuileries; in the Rue de l'Échelle that then was; 'opposite Ronsin the saddler's door,' as if waiting for a fare there! Not long does it wait: a hooded Dame, with two hooded Children has issued from Villequier's door, where no sentry walks into the Tuileries Court-of-Princes; into the Carrousel; into the Rue de l'Échelle; where the Glass-coachman readily admits them; and again waits. Not long, another Dame, likewise hooded or shrouded, leaning on a servant, issues in the same manner; bids the servant good night; and is, in the same manner, by the Glass-coachman, cheerfully admitted. Whither go so many Dames? 'Tis his Majesty's *Couchée*, Majesty just gone to bed, and all the Palace-world is retiring home. But the Glass-coachman still waits; his fare seemingly incomplete.

By and by, we note a thickset Individual, in round hat and peruke, arm-in-arm with some servant, seemingly of the Runner or Courier sort; he also issues through Villequier's door; starts a shoe-buckle as he passes one of the sentries, stoops down to clasp it again; is however, by the Glass-coachman, still more cheerfully admitted. And now, is his fare complete? Not yet; the Glass-coachman still waits.—Lafayette's Carriage, flaring with lights, rolls this moment through the inner Arch of the Carrousel,—where a Lady shaded in broad gypsy-hat, and leaning on the arm of a servant, also of the Runner or Courier sort, stands aside to let it pass, and has even the whim to touch a spoke of it with her *badine*,—light little magic rod which she calls *badine*, such as the Beautiful then wore. The flare of Lafayette's Carriage rolls past: all is found quiet in the Court-of-Princes; sentries at their post; Majesties' Apartments closed in smooth rest.

But where is the Lady that stood aside in gypsy-hat,

and touched the wheel-spoke with her *badine*? O Reader, that Lady that touched the wheel-spoke was the Queen of France! She has issued safe through that inner Arch, into the Carrousel itself; but not into the Rue de l'Échelle. Flurried by the rattle and rencounter, she took the right hand not the left; neither she nor her *Courier* knows Paris; he indeed is no *Courier*, but a loyal stupid *ci-devant* Bodyguard disguised as one. They are off, quite wrong, over the Pont Royal and River; roaming disconsolate in the Rue du Bac; far from the Glass-coachman, who still waits. Waits, with flutter of heart; with thoughts—which he must button close up, under his jarvie-surtout!

Midnight clangs from all the City-steeple, one precious hour has been spent so; most mortals are asleep. The Glass-coachman waits; and in what mood! A brother jarvie drives up, enters into conversation; is answered cheerfully in jarvie-dialect; the brothers of the whip exchange a pinch of snuff; decline drinking together; and part with good-night. Be the Heavens blest! here at length is the Queen-lady, in gypsy-hat; safe after perils; who has had to inquire her way. She too is admitted; her *Courier* jumps aloft, as the other, who is also a disguised Bodyguard, has done: and now, O Glass-coachman of a thousand,—Count Fersen, for the Reader sees it is thou,—drive!

Dust shall not stick to the hoofs of Fersen: crack! crack! the Glass-coach rattles, and every soul breathes lighter. But is Fersen on the right road? North-eastward to the Barrier of Saint-Martin and Metz Highway, thither were we bound: and lo, he drives right northward! The royal Individual, in round hat and peruke, sits astonished; but right or wrong, there is no remedy. Crack, crack, we go incessant, through the slumbering City. Seldom, since Paris rose out of mud, or the Longhaired Kings went in Bullock-carts, was there such a drive. Mortals on each hand of you, close by, stretched out horizontal, dormant; and we alive and quaking! Crack, crack, through the Rue de Grammont; across the Boulevard; up the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin,—these windows, all silent, of Number 42, were Mirabeau's. Towards the Barrier not of Saint-Martin,

but of Clichy on the utmost North ! Patience, ye royal Individuals ; Fersen understands what he is about. Passing up the Rue de Clichy, he alights for one moment at Madame Sullivan's : " Did Count Fersen's Coachman get the Baroness de Korff's new Berline ? "—" Gone with it an hour-and-half ago," grumbles responsive the drowsy Porter.—It is well ;—though had not such hour-and-half been lost, it were still better. Forth therefore, O Fersen, fast, by the Barrier de Clichy ; then Eastward along the outer Boulevard, what horses and whipcord can do !

Thus Fersen drives, through the ambrosial night. Sleeping Paris is now all on the right-hand of him ; silent except for some snoring hum : and now he is Eastward as far as the Barrier de Saint-Martin ; looking earnestly for Baroness de Korff's Berline. This Heaven's Berline he at length does descry, drawn up with its six horses, his own German Coachman waiting on the box. Right, thou good German : now haste, whither thou knowest !—And as for us of the Glass-coach, haste too, O haste ; much time is already lost ! The august Glass-coach fare, six Insides, hastily packs itself into the new Berline ; two Bodyguard Couriers behind. The Glass-coach itself is turned adrift, its head towards the City ; to wander whither it lists,—and be found next morning tumbled into a ditch. But Fersen is on the new box, with its brave new hammer-cloths ; flourishing his whip ; he bolts forward towards Bondy. There a third and final Bodyguard Courier of ours ought surely to be, with post-horses ready-ordered. There likewise ought that purchased Chaise, with the two Waiting-maids and their band-boxes, to be ; whom also her Majesty could not travel without. Swift, thou deft Fersen, and may the Heavens turn it well !

Once more, by Heaven's blessing, it is all well. Here is the sleeping Hamlet of Bondy ; Chaise with Waiting-women ; horses all ready, and postilions with their churn-boots, impatient in the dewy dawn. Brief harnessing done, the postilions with their churn-boots vault into the saddles ; brandish circularly their little noisy whips. Fersen, under his jarvie-surtout, bends in lowly silent reverence of adieu ; royal hands wave speechless inexpressible response ; Baroness de Korff's Berline,

with the Royalty of France, bounds off: forever as it proved. Deft Fersen dashes obliquely Northward, through the country, towards Bougret; gains Bougret, finds his German Coachman and chariot waiting there; cracks off, and drives undiscovered into unknown space. A deft, active man, we say; what he undertook to do is nimbly and successfully done.

And so the Royalty of France is actually fled? This precious night, the shortest of the year, it flies, and drives! *Baroness de Korff* is, at bottom, *Dame de Tourzel*, Governess of the Royal Children: she who came hooded with the two hooded little ones; little Dauphin; little Madame Royale, known long afterwards as *Duchesse d'Angoulême*. *Baroness de Korff's Waiting-maid* is the Queen in gypsy-hat. The royal Individual in round hat and peruke, he is *Valet* for the time being. That other hooded Dame, styled *Travelling-companion*, is kind Sister Elizabeth; she had sworn, long since, when the Insurrection of Women was, that only death should part her and them. And so they rush there, not too impetuously, through the Wood of Bondy:—over a Rubicon in their own and France's History.

Great; though the future is all vague! If we reach Bouillé? If we do not reach him? O Louis! and this all round thee is the great slumbering Earth (and overhead, the great watchful Heaven); the slumbering Wood of Bondy,—where Longhaired Childeric Do-nothing was struck through with iron; not unreasonably, in a world like ours. These peaked stone-towers are Raincy; towers of wicked D'Orléans. All slumbers save the multiplex rustle of our new Berline. Loose-skirted scarecrow of an Herb-merchant, with his ass and early greens, toilsomely plodding, seems the only creature we meet. But right ahead the great Northeast sends up evermore his gray brindled dawn: from dewy branch, birds here and there, with short deep warble, salute the coming Sun. Stars fade out, and Galaxies; Street-lamps of the City of God. The Universe, O my brothers, is flinging wide its portals for the Levee of the GREAT HIGH KING. Thou, poor King Louis, farrest nevertheless, as mortals do, towards Orient lands of Hope; and the Tuileries with its Levees, and France and the Earth

itself, is but a larger kind of doghutch,—occasionally going rabid.

But in Paris, at six in the morning; when some Patriot Deputy, warned by a billet, awoke Lafayette, and they went to the Tuileries?—Imagination may paint, but words cannot, the surprise of Lafayette. However, it is to be recorded that Paris, thanks to an august National Assembly, did, on this seeming doomsday, surpass itself. Never, according to Historian eye-witnesses, was there seen such an 'imposing attitude.' Sections all 'in permanence;' our Townhall too, having first, about ten o'clock, fired three solemn alarm-cannons: above all, our National Assembly! National Assembly, likewise permanent, decides what is needful; with unanimous consent. Decides with a calm promptitude, which rises towards the sublime. One must needs note, for the thing is self-evident, that his Majesty has been *abducted*, or spirited away by some person or persons unknown: in which case, what will the Constitution have us do? Let us return to first principles.

By first or by second principles, much is promptly decided; Ministers are sent for, instructed how to continue their functions. Letters are found written: one Letter of immense magnitude; all in his Majesty's hand, and evidently of his Majesty's own composition; addressed to the National Assembly. It details, with earnestness, with a childlike simplicity, what woes his Majesty has suffered. Woes great and small: A Necker seen applauded, a Majesty not, then insurrection; want of due furniture in Tuileries Palace; want of due cash in Civil List; *general* want of cash, of furniture and order; anarchy everywhere: wherefore, in brief, his Majesty has retired towards a place of Liberty; and, leaving Sanctions, Federation, and what Oaths there may be, to shift for themselves, does now refer—to what thinks an august Assembly? To that 'Declaration of the Twenty-third of June,' with its "He alone will make his people happy." As if *that* were not buried, deep enough, under two irrevocable twelvemonths, and the wreck and rubbish of a whole Feudal world! This strange autograph-Letter the National Assembly decides on printing; on transmitting to the Eighty-three

Departments. Commissioners also shall go forth on all sides; the People be exhorted; the Armies be increased; care taken that the Commonweal suffer no damage.

Thus Paris; sublimely calmed, in its bereavement. But from the *Messageries Royales*, in all Mail-bags, radiates forth far-darting the electric news: Our Hereditary Representative is flown. How each one of those dull leathern Diligences, with its leathern bag, and 'The King is fled,' furrows up smooth France as it goes; through town and hamlet, ruffles the smooth public mind into quivering agitation of death-terror; then lumbers on, as if nothing had happened!

But scouts, all this while, and aides-de-camp, have flown forth faster than the leathern Diligences. All runs along, unmolested, speedy, except only the new Berline. Huge leathern vehicle:—huge Argosy, let us say, or Acapulco ship; with its heavy stern-boats of Chaise and pair; with its three yellow Pilot-boats of mounted Bodyguard Couriers, rocking aimless round it and ahead of it, to bewilder, not to guide! It lumbers along, lurchingly with stress, at a snail's pace; noted of all the world. The Bodyguard Couriers, in their yellow liveries, go prancing and clattering; loyal but stupid; unacquainted with all things. Stoppages occur; and breakages, to be repaired at Etoges. King Louis' too will dismount, will walk up hills, and enjoy the blessed sunshine:—with eleven horses and double drink-money, and all furtherances of Nature and Art, it will be found that Royalty, flying for life, accomplishes Sixty-nine miles in Twenty-two incessant hours. Slow Royalty! And yet not a minute of these hours but is precious: on minutes hang the destinies of Royalty now.

In this manner, however, has the Day bent downwards. Wearied mortals are creeping home from their field-labour; the village artisan eats with relish his supper of herbs, or has strolled forth to the village-street for a sweet mouthful of air and human news. Still summer-eventide everywhere! The great Sun hangs flaming on the utmost Northwest; for it is his longest day this year. The hill-tops rejoicing will ere long be at their ruddiest, and blush Good-night. The thrush,

in green dells, on long-shadowed leafy spray, pours gushing his glad serenade, to the babble of brooks grown audibler; silence is stealing over the Earth. Your dusty Mill of Valmy, as all other mills and drudgeries, may furl its canvass, and cease swashing and circling. The swenkt grinders in this treadmill of an Earth have ground out another Day; and lounge there, as we say, in village-groups; movable, or ranked on social stone seats; their children, mischievous imps, sporting about their feet. Unnotable hum of sweet human gossip rises from this Village of Sainte-Menehould, as from all other villages. Gossip mostly sweet, unnotable; for the very Dragoons are French and gallant; nor as yet has the Paris-and-Verdun Diligence, with its leathern bag, rumbled in, to terrify the minds of men.

One figure nevertheless do we note at the last door of the Village: that figure in loose-flowing nightgown, of Jean Baptiste Drouet, Master of the Post here. An acrid choleric man, rather dangerous-looking, still in the prime of life. Drouet is an acrid Patriot too, was at the Paris Feast of Pikes.

Lumbering along with its mountains of bandboxes, and Chaise behind, the Korff Berline rolls in; huge Acapulco-ship with its Cockboat having got thus far. The eyes of the villagers look enlightened, as such eyes do when a coach transit, which is an event, occurs for them. Strolling Dragoons respectfully, so fine are the yellow liveries, bring hand to helmet; and a Lady in gypsy-hat responds with a grace peculiar to her.

Nor is Post-master Drouet unobservant all this while: but steps out and steps in, with his long-flowing nightgown, in the level sunlight; prying into several things. That Lady in slouched gypsy-hat, though sitting back in the Carriage, does she not resemble some one we have seen, some time;—at the Feast of Pikes, or elsewhere? And this *Grosse-Tête* in round hat and peruke, which, looking rearward, pokes itself out from time to time, methinks there are features in it——? Quick, Sieur Guillaume, Clerk of the *Directoire*, bring me a new Assignat! Drouet scans the new Assignat; compares the Paper-money Picture with the Gross Head in round hat there: by Day and Night! You might say the one

was an attempted Engraving of the other. And this march of troops; this sauntering and whispering,—I see it!

Drouet, Post-master of this Village, hot Patriot, Old-Dragoon of Condé, consider therefore what thou wilt do. And fast, for behold the new Berline, expeditiously yoked, cracks whipcord and rolls away!—Drouet dare not, on the spur of the instant, clutch the bridles in his own two hands. Our poor Nationals, not one of them here, have three hundred fusils, but ther' no powder; besides one is not sure, only morally-certain. Drouet, as an adroit Old-Dragoon of Condé, does what is advisablest; privily bespeaks Clerk Guillaume, Old-Dragoon of Condé he too; privily, while Clerk Guillaume is saddling two of the fleetest horses, slips over to the Townhall to whisper a word; then mounts with Clerk Guillaume; and the two bound eastward in pursuit, to see what can be done.

They bound eastward, in sharp trot: their moral-certainty permeating the Village, from the Townhall outwards, in busy whispers. And the new Berline rolls; and Drouet and Guillaume gallop after it; and Sainte-Menehould, with some leagues of the King's Highway, is in explosion;—and your Military thunder-chain has gone off in a self-destructive manner; one may fear, with the frightfullest issues.

This comes of mysterious Escorts, and a new Berline with eleven horses: 'he that has a secret should not only hide it, but hide that he has it to hide.' Your first Military Escort has exploded self-destructive and all Military Escorts, and a suspicious Country will now be up, explosive; comparable *not* to victorious thunder. Comparable, say rather, to the first stirring of an Alpine Avalanche; which, once stir it, as here at Sainte-Menehould, will spread,—all round, and on and on, as far as Stenai; thundering with wild ruin, till Patriot Villagers, Peasantry, Military Escorts, new Berline and Royalty are down,—jumbling in the Abyss!

The thick shades of Night are falling. Postilions crack and whip: the Royal Berline is through Clermont, where Colonel Comte de Damas got à word whispered to

it; is safe through, towards Varennes; rushing at the rate of double drink-money: an Unknown '*Inconnu* on horseback' shrieks earnestly some hoarse whisper, not audible, into the rushing Carriage-window, and vanishes, left in the night. August travellers palpitate; nevertheless overwearied Nature sinks every one of them into a kind of sleep. Alas, and Drouet and Clerk Guillaume spur; taking side-roads, for shortness, for safety; scattering abroad that moral-certainty of theirs; which flies, a bird, of the air carrying it!

And your rigorous Quartermaster spurs; awakening hoarse trumpet-tone,—as here at Clermont, calling out Dragoons gone to bed. Brave Colonel de Damas has them mounted, in part, these Clermont men; young Cornet Remy dashes off with a few. But the Patriot Magistracy is out here at Clermont too; National Guards shrieking for ball-cartridges; and the Village '*illuminates* itself;' deft Patriots springing out of bed; alertly, in shirt or shift, striking a light; sticking up each his farthing candle, or penurious oil-cruise, till all glitters and glimmers; so deft are they! A *camisado* or shirt-tumult everywhere: storm-bell set a-ringing; village-drum beating furious *générale*, as here at Clermont, under illumination; distracted Patriots pleading and menacing! Brave young Colonel de Damas, in that uproar of distracted Patriotism, speaks some fire-sentences to what Troopers he has: "Comrades insulted at Sainte-Menehould: King and Country calling on the brave": then gives the fire-word, *Draw swords*. Whereupon, alas, the troopers only *smite* their sword-handles, driving them further home! "To me, whoever is for the King!" cries Damas in despair; and gallops, he with some poor loyal Two of the Subaltern sort, into the bosom of the Night.

Night unexampled in the Clermontais; shortest of the year; remarkablest of the century: Night deserving to be named of Spurs! Cornet Remy, and those Few he dashed off with, has missed his road; is galloping for hours towards Verdun; then, for hours, across hedged country, through roused hamlets, towards Varennes. Unlucky Cornet Remy; unluckier Colonel Damas, with whom there ride desperate only some loyal

Two! More ride not of that Clermont Escort: of other Escorts, in other Villages, not even Two may ride; but only all curvet and prance,—impeded by storm-bell and your Village illuminating itself.

And Drouet rides and Clerk Guillaume; and the country runs.—Goguelat and Duke Choiseul are plunging through morasses, over cliffs, over stock and stone, in the shaggy woods of the Clermontais; by tracks; or trackless, with guides; Hussars tumbling into 'pit-falls, and lying 'swooned three quarters of an hour,' the rest refusing to march without them. What an evening-ride from Pont-de-Sommevelle; what a thirty hours since Choiseul quitted Paris, with Queen's-valet Léonard in the chaise by him! Black Care sits behind the rider. Thus go they plunging; rustle the owl from his branchy nest; champ the sweet-scented forest herb, queen-of-the-meadows *spilling* her spikenard; and frighten the ear of Night. But hark! towards twelve o'clock, as one guesses, for the very stars are gone out: sound of the tocsin from Varennes? Checking bridle, the Hussar officer listens: "Some fire undoubtedly!"—yet rides on, with double breathlessness, to verify. *

Yes, gallant friends that do your utmost, it is a certain sort of fire: difficult to quench.—The Korff Berline fairly ahead of all this riding Avalanche, reached the little paltry Village of Varennes about eleven o'clock; hopeful, in spite of that hoarse-whispering Unknown. Do not all towns now lie behind us; Verdun avoided, on our right? Within wind of Bouillé himself, in a manner; and the darkest of midsummer nights favouring us! And so we halt on the hill-top at the South end of the Village; expecting our relay; which young Bouillé, Bouillé's own son, with his Escort of Hussars, was to have ready; for in this Village there is no Post. Distracting to think of: neither horse nor Hussar is here! Ah, and stout horses, a proper relay belonging to Duke Choiseul, do stand at bay, but in the Upper Village over the Bridge; and we know not of them. Hussars likewise do wait, but drinking in the taverns. For indeed it is six hours beyond the time; young Bouillé, silly stripling, thinking the matter over for this night, has retired to bed. And so our yellow

Couriers, inexperienced, must rove, groping, bungling, through a village mostly asleep: Postilions will not, for any money, go on with the tired horses; not at least without refreshment; not they, let the Valet in round hat argue as he likes.

Miserable! 'For five-and-twenty minutes' by the King's watch, the Berline is at a dead stand: Round-hat arguing with Churn-boots; tired horses slobbering their meal-and-water; yellow Couriers groping, bungling;—young Bouillé asleep, all the while, in the Upper Village, and Choiseul's fine team standing there at hay. No help for it; not with a King's ransom; the horses deliberately slobber, Round-hat argues, Bouillé sleeps. And mark now, in the thick night, do not two Horsemen, with jaded trot, come clank-clanking; and start with half-pause, if one noticed them, at sight of this dim mass of a Berline, and its dull slobbering and arguing; then prick off faster, into the Village? It is Drouet, he and Clerk Guillaume! Still ahead, they two, of the whole, riding hurlyburly; unshot, though some brag of having chased them. Perilous is Drouet's errand also; but he is an Old-Dragoon, with his wits shaken thoroughly awake.

The Village of Varennes lies dark and slumberous; a most unlevel Village, of inverse saddle-shape, as men write. It sleeps; the rushing of the River Aire singing lullaby to it. Nevertheless from the Golden Arm Tavern, across that sloping Marketplace, there still comes shine of social light; comes voice of rude drovers, or the like, who have not yet taken the stirrup-cup; Boniface Le Blanc, in white apron, serving them: cheerful to behold. To this Golden Arm, Drouet enters, alacrity looking through his eyes; he nudges Boniface, in all privacy, "Art thou a good Patriot?" "Indeed I am!" answers Boniface. "In that case," eagerly whispers Drouet—what whisper is needful, heard of Boniface alone.

And now see Boniface Le Blanc bustling, as he never did for the jolliest toper. See Drouet and Guillaume, dexterous Old-Dragoons, instantly down blocking the Bridge, with a "furniture-wagon they find there," with whatever wagons, tumbrils, barrels, barrows their hands

can lay hold of:—till no carriage can pass. Then swiftly, the Bridge once blocked, see them take station hard by, under Varennes Archway: joined by Le Blanc, Le Blanc's Brother, and one or two alert Patriots he has roused. Some half-dozen in all, with National muskets, they stand close, waiting under the Archway, till that same Korff Berline rumble up.

It rumbles up: Halt! lanterns flash out from under coat-skirts, bridles chuck in strong fists, two National muskets level themselves fore and aft through the two Coach-doors: "Mesdames, your Passports?"—Alas, alas! Sieur Sausse, Procureur of the Township, Tallow-chandler also and Grocer, is there, with official grocer-politeness; Drouet with fierce logic and ready wit:—The respected Travelling Party, be it Baroness de Korff's, or persons of still higher consequence, will perhaps please to rest itself in M. Sausse's till dawn strike up!

O Louis; O hapless Marie-Antoinette, fated to pass thy life with such men! Phlegmatic Louis, art thou but lazy semi-animate phlegm then, to the centre of thee? King, Captain-General, Sovereign Frank! if thy heart ever formed, since it began beating under the name of heart, any resolution at all, be it now then, or never in this world:—"Violent nocturnal individuals, and if it were persons of high consequence? And if it were the King himself? Has the King not the power, which all beggars have, of travelling unmolested on his own Highway? Yes; it is the King; and tremble ye to know it! The King has said, in this one small matter; and in France, or under God's Throne, is no power that shall gainsay. Not the King shall ye stop here under this your miserable Archway; but his dead body only, and answer it to Heaven and Earth. To me, Bodyguards; Postilions, *en avant!*"—One fancies in that case the pale paralysis of these two Le Blanc musketeers; the drooping of Drouet's underjaw; and how Procureur Sausse had melted like tallow in furnace-heat: Louis faring on; in some few steps awakening Young Bouillé, awakening relays and Hussars: triumphant entry, with cavalcading high-brandishing Escort, and Escorts, into Montmédi; and the whole course of French History different.

Alas, it was not in the poor phlegmatic man. Had

it been in him, French History had never come under this Varennes Archway to decide itself.—He steps out; all step out. Procureur Sausse gives his grocer-arms to the Queen and Sister Elizabeth; Majesty taking the two children by the hand. And thus they walk, coolly back, over the Marketplace, to Procureur Sausse's; mount into his small upper story; where straightway His Majesty "demands refreshments." Demands refreshments, as is written; gets bread-and-cheese with a bottle of Burgundy; and remarks, that it is the best Burgundy he ever drank!

Meanwhile, the Varennes Notables, and all men, official and non-official, are hastily drawing on their breeches; getting their fighting gear. Mortals half-dressed tumble out barrels, lay felled trees; scouts dart off to all the four winds,—the tocsin begins clanging, "the Village illuminates itself." Very singular: how these little Villages do manage, so adroit are they, when startled in midnight alarm of war. Like little adroit municipal rattle-snakes, suddenly awakened: for their storm-bell rattles and rings; their eyes glisten luminous (with tallow-light), as in rattle-snake ire; and the Village will *sting*. Old-Dragoon Drouet is our engineer and generalissimo; valiant as a Ruy Diaz:—Now or never, ye Patriots, for the soldiery is coming; massacre by Austrians, by Aristocrats, wars more than civil, it all depends on you and the hour!—National Guards rank themselves, half-buttoned: mortals, we say, still only in breeches, in under-petticoat, tumble out barrels and lumber, lay felled trees for barricades: the Village will *sting*. Rabid Democracy, it would seem, is *not* confined to Paris, then? Ah no, whatsoever Courtiers might talk; too clearly no. This of dying for one's King is grown into a dying for one's self, *against* the King, if need be.

And so our riding and running Avalanche and Hurly-burly has *reached* the Abyss, Korff Berline foremost; and may pour itself thither, and jumble: endless! For the next six hours, need we ask if there was a clattering far and wide? Clattering and tocsining and hot tumult, over all the Clérmontais, spreading through the three-

Bishopricks : Dragoon and Hussar Troops galloping on roads and no-roads ; National Guards arming and starting in the dead of night ; tocsin after tocsin transmitting the alarm. In some forty minutes, Goguelat and Choiseul, with their wearied Hussars, reach Varennes. Ah, it is no fire, then ; or a fire difficult to quench ! They leap the tree-barricades, in spite of National Sergeant ; they enter the Village, Choiseul instructing his Troopers how the matter really is ; who respond interjectionally, in their guttural dialect, "*Der König ; die Königin !*" and seem stanch. These now, in their stanch humour, will, for one thing, beset Procureur Sausse's house. Most beneficial : had not Drouet stormfully ordered otherwise ; and even bellowed, in his extremity, "Cannoneers, to your guns !"—two old honey-combed Field-pieces, empty of all but cobwebs ; the rattle whereof, as the Cannoneers with assured countenance trundled them up, did nevertheless abate the Hussar ardour, and produce a respectfuller ranking further back. Jugs of wine, handed over the ranks,—for the German throat too has sensibility,—will complete the business. When Engineer Goguelat, some hour or so afterwards, steps forth, the response to him is—a hiccuping *Vive la Nation !*

What boots it ? Goguelat, Choiseul, now also Count Damas, and all the Varennes officiality are with the King ; and the King can give no order, form no opinion ; but sits there, as he has ever done, like clay on potter's wheel ; perhaps the absurdest of all pitiable and pardonable clay-figures that now circle under the Moon. He will go on, next morning, and take the National Guards with him ; Sausse permitting ! Hapless Queen : with her two children, laid there on the mean bed, old Mother Sausse kneeling to Heaven, with tears and an audible prayer to bless them ; imperial Marie-Antoinette near kneeling to Son Sausse and Wife Sausse, amid candle-boxes and treacle-barrels,—in vain ! There are three thousand National Guards got in ; before long they will count Ten thousand : tocsins spreading like fire on dry heath, or far faster.

Young Bouillé, roused by this Varennes tocsin, has taken horse, and—fled towards his Father. Thither—

ward also rides, in an almost hysterically desperate manner, a certain *Sieur Aubriot*, *Choiseul's* Orderly; swimming dark rivers, our Bridge being blocked; spurring as if the Hell-hunt were at his heels. Through the Village of Dun, he galloping still on, scatters the alarm; at Dun brave Captain Deslons and his Escort of a Hundred saddle and ride. Deslons too gets into Varennes; leaving his Hundred outside, at the tree-barricade; offers to cut King Louis out, if he will order it: but unfortunately "the work will prove how:" whereupon King Louis has "no orders to give."

And so the tocsin clangs, and the Dragoons gallop, and can do nothing, having galloped: National Guards stream in like the gathering of ravens: your exploding Thunder-chain, falling Avalanche, or what else we liken it to, does play, with a vengeance,—up now as far as Stenai and Bouillé himself. Brave Bouillé, son of the whirlwind, he saddles Royal-Allemand; speaks fire-words, kindling heart and eyes; distributes twenty-five gold-louis a Company:—Ride, Royal-Allemand, long-famed: no Tuileries Charge and Necker-Orleans Bust-Procession; a very King made captive, and world all to win!—Such is the Night deserving to be named of Spurs.

CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

AMID the dim ferment of Caen and the World, history specially notices one thing: in the lobby of the Mansion *de l'Intendance*, where busy Deputies are coming and going, a young lady with an aged valet, taking grave, graceful leave of Deputy Barbaroux. She is of stately Norman figure; in her twenty-fifth year; of beautiful still countenance: her name is Charlotte Corday, heretofore styled D'Armans, while Nobility still was. Barbaroux has given her a note to Deputy Duperret,—him who once drew his sword in the effervescence. Apparently she will to Paris on some errand? 'She was a Republican before the Revolution, and never wanted energy.' A completeness, a decision is in this fair female figure: 'by energy she means the spirit that will

prompt one to sacrifice himself for his country.' What if she, this fair young Charlotte, had emerged from her secluded stillness, suddenly like a Star; cruel-lovely, with half-angelic, half-dæmonic splendour; to gleam for a moment, and in a moment be extinguished: to be held in memory, so bright complete was she, through long centuries!—Quitting Cimmerian Coalitions without, and the dim simmering Twenty-five millions within, History will look fixedly at this one fair apparition of a Charlotte Corday; will note whither Charlotte moves, how the little life burns forth so radiant, then vanishes, swallowed of the Night.

With Barbaroux's note of introduction, and slight stock of luggage, we see Charlotte on Tuesday, the Ninth of July, seated in the Caen diligence, with a place for Paris. None takes farewell of her, wishes her Good-journey: her father will find a line left signifying that she is gone to England, that he must pardon her, and forget her. The drowsy diligence lumbers along; amid drowsy talk of politics, and praise of the Mountain; in which she mingles not: all night, all day, and again all night. On Thursday, not long before noon, we are at the bridge of Neuilly; here is Paris with her thousand black domes, the goal and purpose of thy journey! Arrived at the Inn de la Providence in the Rue des Vieux Augustins, Charlotte demands a room; hastens to bed; sleeps all afternoon and night, till the morrow morning.

On the morrow morning, she delivers her note to Duperret. It relates to certain Family Papers which are in the Minister of the Interior's hand; which a Nun at Caen, an old Convent-friend of Charlotte's, has need of; which Duperret shall assist her in getting: this then was Charlotte's errand to Paris? She has finished this, in the course of Friday;—yet says nothing of returning. She has seen and silently investigated several things. The Convention, in bodily reality, she has seen; what the Mountain is like. The living physiognomy of Marat she could not see; he is sick at present, and confined to home.

About eight on the Saturday morning, she purchases a large sheath-knife in the Palais-Royal; then straightway, in the Place des Victoires, takes a hackney-coach:

"to the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine, No. 44." It is the residence of the Citoyen Marat!—The Citoyen Marat is ill, and cannot be seen; which seems to disappoint her much. Her business is with Marat, then? Hapless, beautiful Charlotte; hapless, squalid Marat! From Caen in the utmost West, from Neuchâtel in the utmost East, they two are drawing nigh each other; they two have, very strangely, business together.—Charlotte, returning to her inn, despatches a short note to Marat; signifying that she is from Caen, the seat of rebellion; that she desires earnestly to see him, and 'will put it in his power to do France a great service.' No answer, Charlotte writes another note, still more pressing; sets out with it by coach, about seven in the evening, herself. Tired day-labourers have again finished their week; huge Paris is circling and simmering, manifold, according to its vague wont: this one fair Figure has decision in it; drives straight,—towards a purpose.

It is yellow July evening, we say, the thirteenth of the month; eve of the Bastille day,—when 'M. Marat,' four years ago, in the crowd of the Pont Neuf, shrewdly required of that Besenval Hussar-party, which had such friendly dispositions, "to dismount, and give up their arms, then;" and became notable among Patriot men. Four years: what a road he has travelled;—and sits now, about half-past seven of the clock, stewing in slipper-bath; sore afflicted; ill of Revolution Fever,—of what other malady this history had rather not name. Excessively sick and worn, poor man: with precisely eleven-pence-halfpenny of ready money, in paper; with slipper-bath; strong three-footed stool for writing on, the while; and a squalid—Washerwoman, one may call her: that is his civic establishment in Medical-School Street; thither and not elsewhere has his road led him. Not to the reign of brotherhood and perfect felicity; yet surely on the way towards that?—Hark, a rap again! A musical woman's voice, refusing to be rejected: it is the Citoyenne who would do France a service. Marat, recognising from within, cries, Admit her. Charlotte Corday is admitted.

Citoyen Marat, I am from Caen, the seat of rebellion,

and wished to speak with you.—Be seated, *mon enfant*. Now what are the traitors doing at Caen?—What deputies are at Caen?—Charlotte names some deputies. "Their heads fall within a fortnight," croaks the eager People's-friend, clutching his tablets to write: *Barbaroux*, *Pétion*, writes he with bare shrunk arm, turning aside in the bath: *Pétion*, and *Louvet*, and—Charlotte has drawn her knife from the sheath; plunges it, with one sure stroke, into the writer's heart. "*A moi, chère amie*, Help, dear!" no more could the Death-choked say or shriek. The helpful Washerwoman running in, there is no Friend of the People, or Friend of the Washerwoman left; but his life with a groan gushes out, indignant, to the shades below.

And so Marat, People's-friend is ended; the lone Stylites has got hurled down suddenly from his Pillar—whitherward He that made him knows. Patriot Paris may sound triple and tenfold, in dole and wail; re-echoed by Patriot France; and the Convention, 'Chabot pale with terror, declaring that they are to be all assassinated,' may decree him Pantheon honours, Public Funeral, Mirabeau's dust making way for him; and Jacobin societies, in lamentable oratory, summing up his character, parallel him to One, whom they think it honour to call 'the good Sansculotte'—whom we name not here; also a Chapel may be made, for the urn that holds his heart, in the Place du Carrousel; and new-born children be named Marat; and Lago-di-Como hawkers bake mountains of stucco into unbeautiful Busts; and David paint his picture, or death-scene; and such other apotheosis take place as the human genius, in these circumstances, can devise: but Marat returns no more to the light of this sun. One sole circumstance we have read with clear sympathy, in the old *Moniteur* newspaper: how Marat's brother comes from Neuchâtel to ask of the Convention, 'that the deceased Jeap-Paul Marat's musket be given him.' For Marat too had a brother, and natural affections; and was wrapt once in swaddling-clothes, and slept safe in a cradle like the rest of us. Ye children of men!—A sister of his, they say, lives still to this day in Paris.

As for Charlotte Corday, her work is accomplished;

the recompense of it is near and sure. The *Chère Amie*, and neighbours of the house, flying at her, she 'overturns some movables,' entrenches herself till the gendarmes arrive; then quietly surrenders; goes quietly to the Abbaye Prison: she alone quiet, all Paris sounding, in wonder, in rage or admiration, round her. Duperret is put in arrest, on account of her; his papers sealed,—which may lead to consequences. Fauchet, in like manner; though Fauchet had not so much as heard of her. Charlotte, confronted with these two Deputies, praises the grave firmness of Duperret, censures the dejection of Fauchet.

On Wednesday morning, the thronged Palais de Justice and Revolutionary Tribunal can see her face; beautiful and calm: she dates it 'fourth day of the preparation of peace.' A strange murmur ran through the hall, at sight of her; you could not say of what character. Tinville has his indictments and tape-papers: the Cutler of the Palais Royal will testify that he sold her the sheath-knife; "All these details are needless," interrupted Charlotte; "it is I that killed Marat." By whose instigation?—"By no one's." What tempted you, then? His crimes. "I killed one man," added she, raising her voice extremely as they went on with their questions, "I killed one man to save a hundred thousand; a villain to save innocents; a savage wild-beast to give repose to my country. I was a Republican before the Revolution; I never wanted energy." There is therefore nothing to be said. The public gazes astonished: the hasty limners sketch her features, Charlotte not disapproving: the men of law proceed with their formalities. The doom is death as a murderess. To her Advocate she gives thanks; in gentle phrase, in high-flown, classical spirit: to the priest they send her she gives thanks; but needs not any shriving, any ghostly or other aid from him.

On this same evening, therefore, about half-past seven o'clock, from the gate of the Conciergerie, to a city all on tiptoe, the fatal cart issues; seated on it a fair young creature, sheeted in red smock of murderess; so beautiful, serene, so full of life; journeying towards death,—alone amid the world. Many take off their hats, salut-

ing reverently; for what heart but must be touched? others growl and howl. Adam Lux, of Mentz, declares that she is greater than Brutus; that it were beautiful to die with her: the head of this young man seems turned. At the Place de la Révolution, the countenance of Charlotte wears the same still smile. The executioners proceed to bind her feet; she resists, thinking it meant as an insult; on a word of explanation, she submits with cheerful apology. As the last act, all being now ready, they take the neckerchief from her neck; a blush of maidenly shame overspreads that fair face and neck; the cheeks were still tinged with it when the executioner lifted the severed head, to show it to the people. 'It is most true,' says Forster, 'that he struck the cheek insultingly; for I saw it with my eyes: the police imprisoned him for it.'

In this manner have the Beautifullest and the Squalidest come in collision, and extinguished one another. Jean-Paul Marat and Marie-Anne Charlotte Corday both, suddenly, are no more. 'Day of the preparation of Peace?' Alas, how were Peace possible or preparable, while, for example, the hearts of lovely maidens, in their convent-stillness, are dreaming not of Love-paradises, and the light of Life; but of Codrus'-sacrifices, and Death well-earned? That twenty-five million hearts have got to such temper, this is the anarchy; the soul of it lies in this: whereof not peace can be the embodiment! The death of Marat, whetting old animosities tenfold, will be worse than any life. O ye hapless Two, mutually extinctive, the Beautiful and the Squalid, sleep ye well,—in the mother's bosom that bore you both!

This is the history of Charlotte Corday; the most definite, most complete; angelic-dæmonic: like a Star! Adam Lux goes home, half-delirious; to pour forth his apotheosis of her, in paper and print; to propose that she have a statue with this inscription, *Greater than Brutus*. Friends represent his danger; Lux is reckless; thinks it were beautiful to die with her.

THE DEATH OF MIRABEAU.

ONE can say that had Mirabeau lived, the History of France and of the World had been different. Had Mirabeau lived one other year !

But Mirabeau could not live another year, any more than he could live another thousand years. Men's years are numbered, and the tale of Mirabeau's was now complete. Important or unimportant ; to be mentioned in World-History for some centuries, or not to be mentioned there beyond a day or two,—it matters not to peremptory Fate. From amid the press of ruddy busy life, the pale messenger beckons silently : wide-spreading interests, projects, salvation of French Monarchies, what thing soever man has on hand, he must suddenly quit it all, and go. Wert thou saving French Monarchies ; wert thou blacking shoes on the Pont Neuf ! The most important of men cannot stay ; did the world's history depend on an hour, that hour is not to be given. Whereby, indeed, it comes that these same *would-have-beens* are mostly a vanity ; and the world's history could never in the least be what it would, or might or should, by any manner of potentiality, but simply and altogether what it is.

The fierce wear and tear of such an existence has wasted out the giant oaken strength of Mirabeau. A fret and fever that keeps heart and brain on fire : excess of effort, of excitement ; excess of all kinds : labour incessant, almost beyond credibility ! "If I had not lived with him," says Dumont, "I never should have known what a man can make of one day ; what things may be placed within the interval of twelve hours. A day for this man was more than a week or a month is for others : the mass of things he guided on together was prodigious ; from the scheming to the executing not a moment lost."—"Monsieur le Comte," said his Secretary to him once, "what you require is impossible." "Impossible !"—answered he, starting from his chair, "never name to me that blockhead of a word." And then the social repasts ; the dinner which he gives as Commandant of National Guards, which 'cost five

hundred pounds;’ down what a course is this man hurled! Cannot Mirabeau stop; cannot he fly, and save himself alive? No! There is a Nessus’ Shirt on this Hercules; he must storm and burn there, without rest, till he be consumed. Human strength, never so Herculean, has its measure. Herald shadows flit pale across the fire-brain of Mirabeau; heralds of the pale repose. While he tosses and storms, straining every nerve, in that sea of ambition and confusion, there comes, sombre and still, a monition that for him the issue of it will be swift death.

In January last, you might see him as President of the Assembly; ‘his neck wrapt in linen cloths, at the evening session:’ there was sick heat of the blood, alternate darkening and flashing in the eye-sight; he had to apply leeches, after the morning labours, and preside bandaged. ‘At parting he embraced me,’ says Dumont, ‘with an emotion I had never seen in him: “I am dying, my friend; dying as by slow fire; we shall perhaps not meet again. When I am gone they will know what the value of me was. The miseries I have held back will burst from all sides on France.”’ Sickness gives louder warning; but cannot be listened to. On the 27th day of March, proceeding toward the Assembly, he had to seek rest and help in Friend de Lamarck’s, by the road; and lay there, for an hour, half-fainted, stretched on a sofa. To the Assembly, nevertheless, he went, as if in spite of Destiny itself; spoke, loud and eager, five several times; then quitted the Tribune—forever. He steps out, utterly exhausted, into the Tuileries Gardens; many people press round him, as usual, with applications, memorials; he says to the Friend who was with him: “Take me out of this!”

And so, on the last day of March 1791, endless anxious multitudes beset the Rue de la Chaussée-d’Antin; incessantly inquiring; within doors there, in that house numbered, in our time, 42, the over-wearied giant has fallen down, to die. Crowds of all parties and kinds; of all ranks from the King to the meanest man! The King sends publicly twice a day to inquire; privately besides: from the world at large there is no end of inquiring. ‘A written bulletin is handed out every three

hours,' is copied and circulated; in the end, it is printed. The people spontaneously keep silence; no carriage shall enter with its noise: there is crowding pressure; but the Sister of Mirabeau is reverently recognised, and has free way made for her. The people stand mute, heart-stricken; to all it seems as if a great calamity were nigh: as if the last man of France, who could have swayed these coming troubles, lay there at hand-grips with the unearthly Power.

The silence of a whole people, the wakeful toil of Cabanis, Friend and Physician, skills not: on Saturday, the second day of April, Mirabeau feels that the last of the Days has risen for him; that on this day he has to depart and be no more. His death is Titanic, as his life has been! Lit up, for the last time, in the glare of coming dissolution, the mind of the man is all glowing and burning; utters itself in sayings, such as men long remember. He longs to live, yet acquiesces in death, argues not with the inexorable. His speech is wild and wondrous: unearthly Phantasms dancing now their torch-dance round his soul; the soul itself looking out, fire-radiant, motionless, girt together for that great hour! At times comes a beam of light from him on the world he is quitting. "I carry in my heart the death-dirge of the French Monarchy; the dead remains of it will now be the spoil of the factions." Or again, when he heard the cannon fire, what is characteristic too: "Have we the Achilles' Funeral already?" So likewise, while some friend is supporting him: "Yes, support that head! would I could bequeathe it thee!" For the man dies as he has lived; self-conscious, conscious of a world looking on. He gazes forth on the young spring, which for him will never be summer. The sun has risen. Death has mastered the out-works; power of speech is gone; the citadel of the heart still holding out: the moribund giant, passionately, by sign, demands paper and pen; writes his passionate demand for opium, to end these agonies. The sorrowful Doctor shakes his head: "To sleep," writes the other, passionately pointing at it! So dies a gigantic Heathen and Titan; stumbling blindly, undismayed, down to his rest. At half-past eight in the morning, Doctor Petit, standing

at the foot of the bed, says, "Il ne souffre plus." His sufferings and his working are now ended.

Even so, ye silent Patriot multitudes, all ye men of France; this man is rapt away from you. He has fallen suddenly, without bending till he broke; as a tower falls, smitten by sudden lightning. His word ye shall hear no more, his guidance follow no more.—The multitudes depart, heartstruck; spread the sad tidings. How touching is the loyalty of men to their Sovereign Man! All theatres, public amusements close; no joyful meeting can be held in these nights, joy is not for them: the People break in upon private dancing-parties, and sullenly command that they cease. Of such dancing-parties apparently but two came to light; and these also have gone out. The gloom is universal; never in this city was such sorrow for one death; never since that old night when Louis XII. departed, 'and the *Crieurs des Corps* went sounding their bells, and crying along the streets: the good King Louis, Father of the People, is dead!' King Mirabeau is now the lost King; and one may say with little exaggeration, all the People mourns for him.

For three days there is low wide moan; weeping in the National Assembly itself. The streets are all mournful; orators mounted on the *bornes*, with large silent audience, preaching the funeral sermon of the dead. Let no coachman whip fast, distractively with his rolling wheels, or almost at all, through these groups! His traces may be cut; himself and his fare, as incurable Aristocrats, hurled sulkily into the kennels. The bournestone orators speak as it is given them; the Sansculottic People, with its rude soul, listens eager,—as men will to any Sermon, or *Sermo*, when it is a spoken word meaning a *Thing*, and not a babblement meaning No-thing. In the Restaurateur's of the Palais-Royal, the waiter remarks, "Fine weather, *Monsieur*:"—"Yes, my friend," answers the ancient Man of Letters, "very fine; but Mirabeau is dead." Hoarse rhythmic threnodies come also from the throats of ballad-singers; are sold on gray-white paper at a *sou* each. But of portraits, engraved, painted, hewn and written; of Eulogies, Reminiscences, Biographies, nay, *Vaudevilles*,

Dramas and Melodramas, in all Provinces of France, there will, through these coming months, be the due immeasurable crop; thick as the leaves of Spring. So speaks the Sorrow of France; wailing articulately, inarticulately, as it can, that a sovereign man is snatched away. In the National Assembly, when difficult questions are astir, all eyes will 'turn mechanically to the place where Mirabeau sat,'—and Mirabeau is absent now.

On the third evening of the lamentation, the fourth of April, there is solemn Public Funeral; such as deceased mortal seldom had. Procession of a league in length; of mourners reckoned loosely at a hundred thousand. All roofs are thronged with onlookers, all windows, lamp-irons, branches of trees. 'Sadness is painted on every countenance; many persons weep.' There is double hedge of National Guards; there is National Assembly in a body; Jacobin Society, and Societies; King's Ministers, Municipals, and all Notabilities, Patriot or Aristocrat. Slow-wending, in religious silence, the procession of a league in length, under the level sun-rays, for it is five o'clock, moves and marches: with its sable plumes; itself in a religious silence; but, by fits with the muffled roll of drums, by fits with some long-drawn wail of music, and strange new clangour of trombones, and metallic dirge-voice; amid the infinite hum of men. In the Church of Saint-Eustache, there is funeral oration by Cerutti; and discharge of fire-arms, which 'brings down pieces of the plaster.' Thence, forward again to the Church of Sainte-Geneviève; which has been consecrated, by supreme decree, on the spur of this time, into a Pantheon for the Great Men of the Fatherland. Hardly at midnight is the business done; and Mirabeau left in his dark dwelling: first tenant of that Fatherland's Pantheon.

So•blazes out, farseen, a man's life, and becomes ashes and a *caput mortuum*, in this World-Pyre, which we name French Revolution: not the first that consumed itself there; nor, by thousands and many millions, the last! A man who 'had swallowed all formulas;' who, in these strange times and circumstances, felt called to

live Titanically, and also to die so. As he, for his part, had swallowed all formulas, what formula is there, never so comprehensive, that will express truly the *plus* and the *minus* of him, give us the accurate net-result of him? There is hitherto none such. Moralities not a few must shriek condemnatory over this Mirabeau; the morality by which he could be judged has not yet got uttered in the speech of man. We will say this of him again: That he is a Reality and no Simulacrum; a living son of Nature our general mother; not a hollow artifice, and mechanism of conventionalities, son of nothing, *brother* to nothing.

Honour to the strong man, in these ages, who has shaken himself loose of shams, and *is* something. For in the way of being *worthy*, the first condition surely is that one *be*. Let Cant cease, and at all risks and at all cost: till Cant cease, nothing else can begin. Of human criminals, in these centuries, writes the Moralist, I find but one unforgivable: the Quack. 'Hateful to God,' as divine Dante sings, 'and to the enemies of God!'

But whoever will, with sympathy, which is the first essential towards insight, look at this questionable Mirabeau, may find that there lay verily in him, as the basis of all, a Sincerity, a great free earnestness; nay call it honesty, for the man did before all things see, with that clear flashing vision, into what *was*, into what existed as fact; and did, with his wild heart, follow that and no other. Whereby on what ways soever he travels and struggles, often enough falling, he is still a brother man. Hate him not; thou canst not hate him! Shining through such toil and tarnish, and now victorious effulgent, and oftenest struggling eclipsed, the light of genius itself is in this man; which was never yet base and hateful; but at worst was lamentable, loveable with pity. They say that he was ambitious, that he wanted to be Minister. It is most true. And was he not simply the one man in France who could have done any good as Minister? Not vanity alone, not pride alone; far from that! Wild burstings of affection were in this great heart; of fierce lightning, and soft dew of pity.

Be it that his falls and follies are manifold,—as himself

often lamented even with tears. Alas, is not the life of every such man already a poetic Tragedy; made up 'of Fate and of one's own deservings'; full of the elements of pity and fear? This brother man, if not epic for us, is tragic; if not great, is large; large in his qualities, world-large in his destinies. Whom other men, recognising him as such, may, through long times, remember, and draw nigh to examine and consider: these, in their several dialects will say of him and sing of him,—till the right thing be said; and so the formula that *can* judge him be no longer an undiscovered one.

Here then the wild Gabriel Honoré drops from the tissue of our history; not without a tragic farewell. He is gone: the flower of the wild Riquetti or Arrighetti kindred; which seems as if in him, with one last effort, it had done its best, and then expired, or sunk down to the undistinguished level.

New Mirabeaus one hears not of; the wild kindred is gone out with this its greatest. As families and kindreds sometimes do; producing, after long ages of unnoted notability, some living quintessence of all the qualities they had, to flame forth as a man world-noted; after whom they rest as if exhausted; the sceptre passing to others. The chosen last of the Mirabeaus is gone. It was he who shook old France from its basis; and, as if with his single hand, has held it toppling there, still unfallen. What things depended on that one man! He is as a ship suddenly shivered on sunk rocks: much swims on the waste waters, far from help.

PASSAGE FROM "OLIVER CROMWELL'S LETTERS AND SPEECHES" (1845).

[CARLYLE'S "Cromwell" is not a regular history like his "French Revolution," or "Frederick the Great," but a collection of Cromwell's speeches and letters with explanatory comments. J. A. Froude, Carlyle's biographer, and himself a celebrated historian, considers it the most important contribution made to English History in the Nineteenth Century, inasmuch as Carlyle was the first to make Cromwell and his age intelligible to mankind. But the subject did not offer such good opportunities for Carlyle's special characteristics as did the French Revolution and Frederick the Great. Carlyle, as a historian, took more interest in men than in causes and effects or in ideas and movements. But the description of the battle of Dunbar may rank with any of the battle-pieces in Frederick the Great.]

THE BATTLE OF DUNBAR.

THE small town of Dunbar stands, high and windy, looking down over its herring-boats, over its grim old Castle now much honey-combed,—on one of those projecting rock-promontories with which that shore of the Firth of Forth is niched and vandyked, as far as the eye can reach. A beautiful sea; good land too, now that the plougher understands his trade; a grim niched barrier of whinstone sheltering it from the chafings and tumblings of the big, blue German Ocean. Seaward St. Abb's Head, of whinstone, bounds your horizon to the east, not very far off; west, close by, is the deep

bay, and fishy little Village of Belhaven: the gloomy Bass and other rock-islets, and farther the Hills of Fife, and fore-shadows of the Highlands, are visible as you look sea-ward. From the bottom of Belhaven bay to that of the next sea-bight, St. Abb's-ward, the Town and its environs form a peninsula. Along the base of which peninsula, 'not much above a mile and a half from sea to sea,' Oliver Cromwell's army, on Monday, 2nd of September, 1650, stands ranked, with its tents and Town behind it,—in very forlorn circumstances. This now is all the ground that Oliver is lord of in Scotland. His ships lie in the offing, with biscuit and transport for him; but visible elsewhere in the earth no help.

Landward as you look from the town of Dunbar there rises, some short mile off, a dusky continent of barren heath Hills; the Lammermoor, where only mountain sheep can be at home. The crossing of which, by any of its boggy passes, and brawling stream-courses, no Army, hardly a solitary Scotch packman could attempt, in such weather. To the edge of these Lammermoor Heights, David Lesley has betaken himself; lies now along the outmost spur of them,—a long hill of considerable height, which the Dunbar people call the Dun, Doon, or sometimes, for fashion's sake, the Down, adding to it the Teutonic *Hill* likewise, though *Dun* itself in old Celtic signifies Hill. On this Doon Hill lies David Lesley with the victorious Scotch Army, upwards of twenty-thousand strong; with the Committees of Kirk and Estates, the chief dignitaries of the country, and in fact the flower of what the pure Covenant in this the twelfth year of its existence can still bring forth. There lies he since Sunday night, on the top and slope of this Doon Hill, with the impassable, heath continents behind him; embraces as with outspread tiger claws, the base-line of Oliver's Dunbar peninsula; waiting what Oliver will do. Cockburnspath with its ravines has been seized on Oliver's left, and made impassable; behind Oliver is the sea; in front of him Lesley, Doon Hill, and the heath-continent of Lammermoor. Lesley's force is of Three-and-twenty-thousand, in spirits as of men chasing, Oliver's about

half as many, in spirits as of men chased. What is to become of Oliver?

The base of Oliver's 'Dunbar peninsula' as we have called it (or Dunbar Pinfold where he is now hemmed in, upon 'an entanglement very difficult'), extends from Belhaven Bay on his right, to Brocks mouth House on his left; 'about a mile and a half from sea to sea.' Brocks mouth House, the Earl (now Duke) of Roxburgh's mansion, which still stands there, his soldiers now occupy as their extreme post on the left. As its name indicates, it is the mouth or issue of a small rivulet, or *Burn*, called *Brock*, *Brocksburn*; which, springing from the Lammermoor, and skirting David Lesley's Doon Hill, finds its egress here into the sea. The reader who would form an image to himself of the great Tuesday, 3rd of September 1650, at Dunbar, must note well this little *Burn*. It runs in a deep grassy glen, which the south-country officers in those old Pamphlets describe as a 'deep ditch, forty feet in depth, and about as many in width,'—ditch dug-out by the little brook itself, and carpeted with greensward, in the course of long thousands of years. It runs pretty close by the foot of Doon Hill; forms, from this point to the sea, the boundary of Oliver's position; his force is arranged in battle-order along the left bank of this Brocksburn, and its grassy glen; he is busied all Monday, he and his officers, in ranking them there. 'Before sunrise on Monday' Lesley sent down his horse from the hill-top, to occupy the other side of this brook; 'about four in the afternoon' his train came down; and they now are ranking themselves on the opposite side of Brocksburn,—on rather narrow ground; cornfields, but swiftly sloping upwards to the steep of Doon Hill. This goes on, in the wild showers and winds of Monday, 2nd September, 1650, on both sides of the Rivulet of Brock. Whoever will begin the attack must get across this brook and its glen first; a thing of much disadvantage.

Behind Oliver's ranks, between him and Dunbar, stand his tents; sprinkled up and down, by battalions, over the face of this 'Peninsula'; which is a low though very uneven tract of ground; now in our time all yellow

with wheat and barley in the autumn season, but at that date only partially tilled,—describable by Yorkshire Hodgson as a place of plashes and rough bent-grass; terribly beaten by showery winds that day, so that your tent will hardly stand. There was then but one farmhouse on this tract, where now are not a few: thither were Oliver's cannon sent this morning; they had at first been lodged 'in the Church,' an edifice standing then as now somewhat apart, 'at the south end of Dunbar.' We have notice of only one other 'small house,' belike some poor shepherd's homestead, in Oliver's tract of ground: it stands close by the Brock rivulet itself, and in the bottom of the little glen; at a place where the banks of it flatten themselves out into a slope passable for carts: this of course, as the one 'pass' in that quarter, it is highly important to seize. Pride and Lambert lodged 'six horse and fifteen foot' in this poor hut early in the morning: Lesley's horse came across, and drove them out; killing some and 'taking three prisoners;' and so got possession of this pass and hut; but did not keep it.

And now farther, on the great scale, we are to remark very specially that there is just one other 'pass' across the Brocksburn; and this is precisely where the London road now crosses it; about a mile east from the former pass, and perhaps two gunshots west from Brocks mouth House. There the great road then as now crosses the burn of Brock; the steep grassy glen, or 'broad ditch forty feet deep,' flattening itself out here once more into a passable slope: passable, but still steep on the southern or Lesley side, still mounting up there, with considerable acclivity, into a high table-ground, out of which the Doon Hill, as outskirt of the Lammermoor, a short mile to your right, gradually gathers itself. There, at this 'pass,' on and about the present London road, as you discover after long dreary dim examining, took place the brunt or essential agony of the Battle of Dunbar long ago.

'The Lord General about four o'clock went into the town to take some refreshment and very soon returned back.' Coursing about the field, with enough of things to order; walking at last with Lambert in the park or

garden of Brocksmouth House, he discerns that Lesley is astir on the hillside; altering his position somewhat. That Lesley, in fact, is coming wholly down to the basis of the hill, where his horse had been since sunrise: coming wholly down to the edge of the brook and glen, among the sloping harvest fields there; and also, is bringing up his left wing of horse, most part of it, towards his right; edging himself, 'shogging' as Oliver calls it, his own line more and more to the right! His meaning is, to get hold of Brocksmouth House and the pass of the brook there; after which it will be free to him to attack us when he will!—Lesley, in fact, considers, or at least the Committee of Estates and Kirk consider, that Oliver is lost; that, on the whole, he must not be left to retreat, but must be attacked and annihilated here. In a word Lesley descends, has been descending all day, and 'shogs' himself to the right,—urged, I believe, by manifold counsel, and by the nature of the case; and, what is equally important for us, Oliver sees him, and sees through him, in this movement of his.

At sight of this movement, Oliver suggests to Lambert standing by him, Does it not give us an advantage, if we, instead of him, like to begin the attack? Here is the enemy's right wing coming out to the open space, free to be attacked on any side; and the main-battle hampered in narrow sloping ground between Doon Hill and the Brock, has no room to manœuvre or assist: beat this right wing where it now stands; take it in flank and front with an overpowering force,—it is driven upon its own main battle, the whole Army is beaten? Lambert eagerly assents, 'had meant to say the same thing.' Monk, who comes up at the moment, likewise assents; as the other officers do, when the case is set before them. It is the plan resolved upon for battle. The attack shall begin to-morrow before dawn.

And so the soldiers stand to their arms, or lie within instant reach of their arms, all night; being upon an engagement very difficult indeed. The night is wild and wet;—2d of September means 12th by our calendar: the Harvest Moon wades deep among clouds of sleet and hail. Whoever has a heart for prayer, let him pray

now, for the wrestle of death is at hand. Pray,—and withal keep his powder dry! And be ready for extremities, and quit himself like a man!—Thus they pass the night; making that Dunbar Peninsula and Brock Rivulet long memorable to me. We English have some tents; the Scots have none. The hoarse sea moans bodeful, swinging low and heavy against these whinstone bays; the sea and the tempests are abroad, all else asleep but we,—and there is One that rides on the wings of the wind.

Towards three in the morning the Scotch foot, by order of a Major-General say some, extinguish their matches, all but two in a company; cower under the corn-shocks, seeking some imperfect shelter and sleep. Be wakeful, ye English; watch and pray, and keep your powder dry. About four o'clock comes order to my puddingheaded Yorkshire friend, that his regiment must mount and march straightway; his and various other regiments march, pouring swiftly to the left to Brocks-mouth House, to the Pass over the Brock. With overpowering force let us storm the Scots right wing there; beat that, and all is beaten. Major Hodgson riding along, heard, he says, 'a Cornet praying in the night'; a company of poor men, I think, making worship there, under the void Heaven, before battle joined: Major Hodgson, giving his charge to a brother officer, turned aside to listen for a minute, and worship and pray along with them; haply his last prayer on this Earth, as it might prove to be. But no: this Cornet prayed with such effusion as was wonderful; and imparted strength to my Yorkshire friend, who strengthened his men by telling them of it. And the Heavens, in their mercy, I think, have opened us a way of deliverance!—The moon gleams out, hard and blue, riding among hail-clouds; and over St. Abb's Head a streak of dawn is rising.

And now is the hour when the attack should be, and no Lambert is yet here, he is ordering the line far to the right yet; and Oliver occasionally, in Hodgson's hearing, is impatient for him. The Scots too, on this wing, are awake; thinking to surprise us; there is their trumpet sounding, we heard it once; and Lambert, who was to lead the attack, is not here. The Lord General

is impatient; behold Lambert at last! The trumpets peal, shattering with fierce clangour night's silence; the cannons awaken all along the line: 'The Lord of Hosts! The Lord of Hosts!' On my brave ones, on!

The dispute 'on this right wing was hot and stiff, for three quarters of an hour.' Plenty of fire, from field-pieces, snaphances, matchlocks, entertains the Scotch main-battle across the Brock—poor stiffened men, roused from the corn-shocks with their matches all out! But here on the right, their horse, 'with lancers in the front rank,' charge desperately; drive us back across the hollow of the rivulet;—back a little; but the Lord gives us courage, and we storm home again, horse and foot, upon them, with a shock like tornado tempests; break them, beat them, drive them all adrift. 'Some fled towards Copperspath, but most across their own foot.' Their own poor foot, whose matches were hardly well alight yet! Poor men, it was a terrible awakening for them: field-pieces and charge of foot across the Brocksburn, and now here is their own horse in mad panic trampling them to death. Above three-thousand killed upon the place: 'I never saw such a charge of foot and horse,' says one; nor did I. Oliver was still near to Yorkshire Hodgson when the shock succeeded; Hodgson heard him say, 'They run! I profess they run!' And over St. Abb's Head and the German Ocean, just then, bursts the first gleam of the level sun upon us, 'and I heard Nol say, in the words of the Psalmist, "Let God arise, let his enemies be scattered;"'—or in Rous's metre,

Let God arise, and scattered
Let all his enemies be;
And let all those that do him hate
Before his presence flee!

Even so. The Scotch Army is shivered to utter ruin; rushes in tumultuous wreck, hither, thither; to Bèlhaven, or, in their distraction, even to Dunbar; the chase goes as far as Haddington; led by Hacker. 'The Lord General made a halt,' says Hodgson, 'and sang the Hundred-and-seventeenth Psalm,' till our horse could gather for the chase. Hundred-and-seventeenth Psalm,

at the foot of Doon Hill; there we uplift it, to the tune of Bangor, or some still higher score, and roll it strong and great against the sky :

O give ye praise unto the Lord,
 All nations that be ;
 Likewise ye people all, accord
 His name to magnify !

For great to us-ward ever are
 His lovingkindnesses ;
 His truth endures for evermore :
 The Lord O do ye bless !

And now to the chase again.

The Prisoners are Ten-thousand,—all the foot in a mass. Many dignitaries are taken; not a few are slain; of whom see Printed Lists,—full of blunders. Provost Jaffray of Aberdeen, Member of the Scots Parliament, one of the Committee of Estates, was very nearly slain: a trooper's sword was in the air to sever him, but one cried, He is a man of consequence; he can ransom himself!—and the trooper kept him prisoner. The first of the Scots Quakers, by and by; and an official person much reconciled to Oliver. Ministers also of the Kirk Committee were slain; two Ministers I find taken, poor Carstairs of Glasgow, poor Waugh of some other place,—of whom we shall transiently hear again.

General David Lesley, vigorous for flight as for other things, got to Edinburgh by nine o'clock; poor old Leven, not so light of movement, did not get till two. Tragical enough. What a change since January 1644, when we marched out of this same Dunbar up to the knees in snow! It was to help and save these very men that we then marched; with the Covenant in all our hearts. We have stood by the letter of the Covenant; fought for our Covenanted Stuart King as we could;—they again, they stand by the substance of it, and have trampled us and the letter of it into this ruinous state!—Yes, my poor friends;—and now be wise, be taught! The letter of your Covenant, in fact, will never rally again in this world. The spirit and substance of it, please God, will never die in this or in any world.

Such is Dunbar Battle; which might also be called Dunbar Drove, for it was a frightful rout. Brought on by miscalculation; misunderstanding of the difference between substances and semblances;—by mismanagement, and the chance of war.

Eilenburg-Torgau Road, namely) the March is to divide itself in two. Half of the force is to strike off rightward there with Ziethen, and to issue on the south side of Siptitz Hill; other half, under Friedrich himself, to continue northward, long miles farther, and then at last bending round, issue,—simultaneously with Ziethen, if possible,—upon Siptitz Hill from the north side. We are about 44,000 strong, against Daun, who is 65,000.

Simultaneously with Ziethen, so far as humanly possible: that is the essential point: Friedrich has taken every pains that it shall be correct, in this and all points; and to take double assurance of hiding it from Daun, he yesternight, in dictating his Orders on the other heads of method, kept entirely to himself this most important Ziethen-portion of the Business. And now, at starting, he has taken Ziethen in his carriage with him a few miles, to explain the thing by word of mouth. At the Eilenburg road, or before it, Ziethen thinks he is clear as to everything; dismounts; takes in hand the mass entrusted to him; and strikes off by that rightward course: "Rightward, Herr Ziethen; rightward till you get to Klitschen, your first considerable island in this sea of wood; at Klitschen strike to the left into the woods again,—your road is called the *Butterstrasse* (Butter-Street); goes by the northwest side of Siptitz Height; reach Siptitz by the Butter-Street, and then do your endeavour!"

With the other Half of the Army, specially with the First Column of it, Friedrich proceeds northward on his own part of the adventure. Three Columns he has, besides the Baggage one: in number about equal to Ziethen's; if perhaps otherwise, rather the chosen Half; about 8,000 grenadier and footguard people, with Kleist's Hussars, are Friedrich's own Column. Friedrich's Column marches nearest the Daun positions; the Baggage-column farthest; and that latter is to halt, under escort, quite away to left or westward of the disturbance coming; the other Two Columns, Hulsen's of foot, Holstein's mostly of horse, go through intermediate tracks of wood, by roads more or less parallel; and are all, Friedrich's own Column, still more the others, to leave Siptitz several miles to right, and to end,

not at Siptitz Height, but several miles past it, and then wheeling round, begin business from the northward or rearward side of Daun, while Ziethen attacks or menaces his front,—simultaneously, if possible. Friedrich's march, hidden all by woods, is more than twice as far as Ziethen's,—some 14 or 15 miles in all; going straight northward 10 miles; thence bending eastward, then southward through woods; to emerge about Neiden, there to cross a Brook (Striebach), and strike home on the north side of Daun. The track of march is in the shape somewhat of a shepherd's crook; the long *handle* of it, well away from Siptitz, reaches up to Neiden, this is the straight or wooden part of said crook; after which comes the bent, catching, or iron part,—intended for Daun and his fierce flock. Ziethen has hardly above six miles; and ought to be deliberate in his woodlands, till the King's party have time to get round.

The morning, I find, is wet; fourteen miles of march, fancy such a Promenade through the dripping Woods; heavy, toilsome, and with such errand ahead! The delays were considerable; some of them accidental. Vigilant Daun has Detachments watching in these Woods:—a General Ried, who fires cannon and gets off: then a General St. Ignon and the St. Ignon Regiment of Dragoons; who, being between Column First and Column Second, cannot get away; but, after some industry by Kleist and those of Column Two, are caught and pocketed, St. Ignon himself prisoner among the rest. This delay may perhaps be considered profitable: but there were other delays absolutely without profit. For example, that of having difficulties with your artillery-wagons in the wet miry lanes; that of missing your road, at some turn in the solitary woods,—which latter was the sad chance of Column Third, fatally delaying it for many hours.

Daun, learning by those returned parties from the Woods what the Royal intentions on him are, hastily whirls himself round, so as to front north, and there receive Friedrich: best line northward for Friedrich's behoof; rear line or second-best will now receive Ziethen or what may come. Daun's arrangements are admitted to be prompt and excellent. Lacy, with his 20,000,—

who lay, while Friedrich's attack was expected from south, at Loswig, as advanced guard, east side of the Grosse Teich (supreme pond of all, which is a continuation of the Duck-trap, *Entefang*), Lacy is now to draw himself north and westward, and looking into the Entefang over his left shoulder (so to speak), be rear-guard against any Ziethen or Prussian party that may come. Daun's baggage is all across the Elbe, all in wagons since yesterday; three Bridges hanging for Daun and it, in case of adverse accident. Daun likewise brings all or nearly all his cannon to the new front, for Friedrich's behoof: 200 new pieces hither; Archenholtz says 400 in whole; certainly such a weight of artillery as never appeared in Battle before. Unless Friedrich's arrangements prove punctual, and his stroke be emphatic, Friedrich may happen to fare badly.

On the latter point, of emphasis, there is no dubiety for Friedrich: but on the former,—things are already past doubt, the wrong way! For the last hour or so of Friedrich's march, there has been continual storm of cannonade and musketry audible from Ziethen's side.—“Ziethen engaged!” thinks everybody; and quickens step here, under this marching music from the distance. Which is but a wrong reading or mistake, nothing more; the real phenomenon being as follows: Ziethen punctually got to Klitschen at the due hour; struck into the *Butter Strasse*, calculating his paces; but, on the edge of the Wood, found a small Austrian party, like those in Friedrich's route; and, pushing into it, the Austrian party replied with cannon before running. Whereupon Ziethen, not knowing how inconsiderable it was, drew out in battle-order; gave it a salvo or two; drove it back on Lacy, in the Duck-trap direction,—a long way east of Butter Street, and Ziethen's real place;—unlucky that he followed it so far! Ziethen followed it; and got into some languid dispute with Lacy: dispute quite distant, languid, on both sides, and consisting mainly of cannon; but lasting in this way many precious hours. This is the phenomenon which friends in the distance read to be, “Ziethen engaged!” Engaged, yes, and alas with what? What Ziethen's degree of blame was, I do not know. Friedrich thought it con-

siderable :—" Stupid, stupid, *mein lieber!*" which Ziethen would never admit;—and, beyond question, it was of high detriment to Friedrich this day. Such accidents, say military men, are inherent, not to be avoided, in that double form of attack; which may be true, only that Friedrich had no choice left of forms just now.

About noon, Friedrich's Vanguard (Kleist and Husars), about 1 o'clock Friedrich himself, 7 or 8,000 Grenadiers, emerged from the Woods about Neiden. This Column, which consists of choice troops, is to be Front-line of the Attack. But there is yet no Second Column under Hulsen, still less any Third under Holstein, come in sight: and Ziethen's cannonade is but too audible. Friedrich halts; sends Adjutants to hurry on these Columns;—and rides out reconnoitering, questioning peasants; earnestly surveying Daun's ground and his own. Daun's now right wing well eastward about Zinna, had been Friedrich's point of attack; but the ground, out there, proves broken by boggy brooks and remnant stagnancies of the Old Elbe: Friedrich finds he must return into the Wood again; and attack Daun's left. Daun's left is carefully drawn down *en potence*, or gallows-shape there; and has, within the Wood, carefully built by Prince Henri last year an extensive Abatis, or complete western wall,—only the north part of which is perhaps now passable, the Austrians having in the cold time used a good deal of it as fire-wood lately. There, on the north-west corner of Daun, across that weak part of the Abatis, must Friedrich's attack lie. But Friedrich's Columns are still fatally behind,—Holstein, with all the cavalry we have, so precious at present, is wandering by wrong paths; took the wrong turn at some point, and the Adjutant can hardly find him at all, with his precept of "Haste, Haste!"

We may figure Friedrich's humour under these ill omens. Ziethen's cannonade becomes louder and louder; which Friedrich naturally fancied to be death or life to him,—not to mean almost nothing, as it did. "*Mein Gott*, Ziethen is in action, and I have not my Infantry up!" cried he. And at length decided to attack as he was: Grenadiers in front, the chosen of his Infan-

try; Ramin's Brigade for second line; and, except about 800 of Kleist, no Cavalry at all. His battalions march out from Neiden hand, through difficult brooks, Streibach and the like, by bridges of Austrian build, which the Austrians are obliged to quit in hurry. The Prussians are as yet perpendicular to Daun, but will wheel rightward, into the Domitsch Wood again; and then form,—parallel to Daun's north-west shoulder; and to Prince Henri's Abatis, which will be their first obstacle in charging. Their obstacles in forming were many and intricate; ground so difficult, for artillery especially: seldom was seen such expertness, such willingness of mind. And seldom lay ahead of men such obstacles *after* forming! Think only of one fact: Daun, on sight of their intention, has opened 400 pieces of artillery on them, and these go raging and thundering into the hem of the Wood, and to whatever issues from it, now and for hours to come, at a rate of deafening uproar and of sheer deadliness, which no observer can find words for.

Archenholtz, a very young officer of fifteen, who came into it perhaps an hour hence, describes it as a thing surpassable only by Doomsday: clangorous rage of noise risen to the infinite; the boughs of the trees raining down on you, with horrid crash; the Forest, with its echoes, bellowing far and near, and reverberating in universal death-peal; comparable to the Trump of Doom. Friedrich himself, who is an old hand, said to those about him: "What an infernal fire (*höllisches Feuer*)! Did you ever hear such a cannonade before? I never." Friedrich is between the Two Lines of his Grenadiers, which is his place during the attack: the first Line of Grenadiers, behind Prince Henri's Abatis, is within 800 yards of Daun; Ramin's Brigade is to rear of the Second Line, as a Reserve. Horse they have none, except the 800 Kleist Hussars; who stand to the left, outside the Wood, fronted by Austrian Horse in hopeless multitude. Artillery they have, in effect, none; their Batteries, hardly to be got across these last woody difficulties of trees growing and trees felled, did rank outside the Wood, on their left; but could do absolutely nothing (gun-carriages and gunners, officers and men, being alike blown away); and when Tempelhof saw

them afterwards, they never had been fired at all. The Grenadiers have their muskets, and their hearts and their right-hands.

With amazing intrepidity, they, being at length all ready in rank within 800 yards, rush into the throat of this Fire-volcano; in the way commanded,—which is the alone way: such a problem as human bravery seldom had. The Grenadiers plunge forward upon the throat of Daun; but it is into the throat of his iron engines and his tearing billows of cannon-shot that most of them go. Shorn down by the company, by the regiment, in those terrible 800 yards,—then and afterwards. Regiment *Stutterheim* was nearly all killed and wounded, say the Books. You would fancy it was the fewest of them that ever got to the length of selling their lives to Daun, instead of giving them away to his 400 cannon. But it is not so. The Grenadiers, both Lines of them, still in quantity, did get into contact with Daun. And sold him their lives, hand to hand, at a rate beyond example in such circumstances;—Daun having to hurry up new force in streams upon them; resolute to purchase, though the price, for a long while, rose higher and higher.

At last the 6,000 Grenadiers, being now reduced to the tenth man, had to fall back. Upon which certain Austrian Battalions rushed down in chase, counting it Victory come: but were severely admonished of that mistake; and driven back by Ramin's people, who accompanied them into their ranks, and again gave Daun a great deal of trouble before he could overpower them. This is Attack First, issuing in failure first: one of the stiffest bits of fighting ever known. Began about 2 in the afternoon; ended, I should guess, rather after 3.

Daun, by this time, is in considerable disorder of line; though his 400 fire-throats continue belching ruin, and deafening the world, without abatement. Daun himself had got wounded in the foot or leg during this Attack, but had no time to mind it: a most busy, strong and resolute Daun; doing his very best. Friedrich, too, was wounded,—nobody will tell me in which of these attacks;—but I think not now, at least will not speak of it now. What his feelings were, as this Grenadier

Attack went on,—a struggle so unequal, but not to be helped, from the delays that had risen,—nobody, himself least of all, records for us : only by this little symptom : Two Grandsons of the Old Dessauer's are Adjutants of his Majesty, and well loved by him; one of them now at his hand, the other heading his regiment in this charge of Grenadiers. Word comes to Friedrich that this latter one is shot dead. On which, Friedrich, turning to the Brother, and not hiding his emotion as was usual in such moments, said : "All goes ill to-day; my friends are quitting me. I have just heard that your Brother is killed." Words which the Anhalt kindred, and the Prussian military public, treasured up with a reverence strange to us. Of Anhalt perhaps some word by and by, at a fitter season.

Shortly after 3, as I reckon the time, Hülsen's Column did arrive : choice troops these too, the Pomeranian *Manteuffel*, one regiment of them;—young Archenholtz of *Forcade* (first Battalion here, second and third are with Ziethen, making vain noise) was in this Column; came, with the others, winding to the Wood's edge, in such circuits, poor young soul; rain pouring, if that had been worth notice; cannon-balls plunging, boughs crashing, such a Doomsday-Thunder, broken loose :—they did emerge steadily, nevertheless, he says, "like sea-billows or flow of tide, under the smoky hurricane." Pretty men are here too, Manteuffel Pommerners; no hearts stouter. With these, and the indignant Remnants which waited for them, a new assault upon Daun is set about. And bursts out, on that same north-west corner of him; say about half-past 3. The rain is now done; "blown away by the tremendous artillery," thinks Archenholtz, if that were any matter.

The Attack, supported by a few more Horse (though Column Three still fatally lingers), and, I should hope, by some practicable weight of Field-batteries, is spurred by a grimmer kind of indignation, and is of fiercer spirit than ever. Think how Manteuffel of Foot will blaze out; and what is the humour of those once-overwhelmed Remnants, now getting air again! Daun's line is actually broken in this point, his artillery surmounted and become useless; Daun's potence and north front

are reeling backwards, Prussians in possession of their ground. "The field to be ours!" thinks Friedrich, for some time. If indeed Ziethen had been seriously busy on the southern side of things, instead of vaguely cannonading in that manner! But resolute Daun, with promptitude, calls in his Reserve from Grosswig, calls in whatsoever of disposable force he can gather; Daun rallies, rushes again on the Prussians in overpowering number; and, in spite of their most desperate resistance, drives them back, ever back; and recovers his ground.

A very desperate bout, this Second one; probably the toughest of the Battle: but the result again is Daun's; the Prussians palpably obliged to draw back. Friedrich himself got wounded here;—poor young Archenholtz too, *only* wounded, not killed, as so many were:—Friedrich's wound was a contusion on the breast; came of some spent bit of case-shot, deadened farther by a famed pelisse he wore,—“which saved my life,” he said afterwards to Henri. The King himself little regarded it (mentioning it only to Brother Henri, on inquiry and solicitation), during the few weeks it still hung about him. The Books intimate that it struck him to the earth, void of consciousness for some time, to the terror of those about him; and that he started up, disregarding it altogether in this press of business, and almost as if ashamed of himself, which imposed silence on people's tongues. In military circles there is still, on this latter point, an Anecdote; which I cannot confirm or deny, but will give for the sake of Berenhorst and his famed book on the *Art of War*. Berenhorst,—a son of the Old Dessauer's, and evidently enough a chip of the old block, only gone into the articulate-speaking or intellectual form,—was, for the present, an Adjutant or Aide-de-Camp of Friedrich, and at this juncture was seen bending over the swooned Friedrich, perhaps with an overpathos or elaborate something in his expression of countenance; when Friedrich re-opened his indignant eyes: “What have you to do here?” cried Friedrich. “Go and gather runaways” (be of some real use, can't you!).

This Second Attack is again a repulse to the indignant Friedrich; though he still persists in fierce effort to

recover himself: and indeed Daun's interior, too, it appears, is all in a whirl of confusion, his losses too having been enormous:—when, see, here at length, about half-past 4, Sun now down, is the tardy Holstein, with his Cavalry, emerging from the Woods. Comes wending on yonder, half a mile to north of us; straight eastward or Elbe-ward (according to the order of last night), leaving us and our death-struggles unregarded, as a thing that is not on his tablets, and is no concern of Holstein's. Friedrich halts him, not quite too late; organises a new and third Attack. Simultaneous universal effort of foot and horse upon Daun's Front; Holstein himself, who is almost at Zinna by this time, to go upon Daun's right wing. This is Attack Third; and is of sporadic intermittent nature, in the thickening dusk and darkness: part of it successful, none of it beaten, but nowhere the success complete. Thus, in the extreme west or leftmost of Friedrich's attack, *Spaen* Dragoons,—one of the last Horse Regiments of Holstein's Column,—*Spaen* Dragoons, under their Lieutenant-Colonel Dalwig (a beautiful manœuverer, who has stormed through many fields, from Mollwitz onwards), cut in, with an admired impetuosity, with an audacious skill, upon the Austrian Infantry Regiments there; broke them to pieces, took two of them in the lump prisoners; bearded whole torrents of Austrian cavalry rushing up to the rescue,—and brought off their mass of prisoner regiments and six cannon;—the Austrian rescuers being charged by some new Prussian party, and hunted home again. "Had these Prussian Horse been on their ground at 2 o'clock, and done as now, it is very evident," says Tempelhof, "what the Battle of Torgau had by this time been!"

Near by, too, farther rightwards, if in the bewildering indistinctness I might guess where (but the where is not so important to us), Bayreuth Dragoons, they of the 67 standards at Striegau long since, plunged into the Austrian Battalions at an unsurpassable rate; tumbled four regiments of them (Regiment *Kaiser*, Regiment *Neipperg*,—nobody now cares which four) heels over head, and in few minutes took the most of them prisoners; bringing them home too, like Dalwig, through

crowds of rescuers. Eastward, again, or Elbe-ward, Hölstein has found such intricacies of ground, such boggy depths and rough steeps, his Cavalry could come to no decisive sapping with the Austrian; but stood exchanging shot;—nothing to be done on that right wing of Daun.*

Daun's left flank, however, does appear, after Three such Attacks, to be at last pretty well ruined : Tempelhof says, "Daun's whole Front Line was tumbled to pieces; disorder had, sympathetically, gone rearward, even in those eastern parts; and on the western and north-western the Prussian Horse Regiments were now standing in its place." But indeed such charging and recharging, pulsing and repulsing, has there been hereabouts for hours past, the rival Hosts have got completely interpenetrated; Austrian parties, or whole regiments, are to rear of those Prussians who stand ranked here, and in victorious posture, as the Night sinks. Night is now sinking on this murderous day: "Nothing more to be made of it; try it again tomorrow!" thinks the King; gives Hülsen charge of bivouacking and rearranging these scattered people; and rides with escort north-westward to Elsnig, north of Neiden, well to rear of this bloody arena,—in a mood of mind which may be figured as gloomy enough.

Daun, too, is home, to Torgau,—I think, a little earlier,—to have his wound dressed, now that the day seems to him secure. Buccow, Daun's second, is killed; Daun's third is an Irish Graf O'Donnell, memorable only on this one occasion; to this O'Donnell, and to Lacy, who is firm on his ground yonder, untouched all day, the charge of matters is left. Which cannot be a difficult one, hopes Daun. Daun, while his wound is dressing, speeds off a courier to Vienna. Courier did duly enter there, with glorious trumpeting postillions, and universal Hep-hep-hurrah; kindling that ardently loyal City into infinite triumph and illumination,—for the space of certain hours following.

Hülsen meanwhile has been doing his best to get into proper bivouac for the morrow; has drawn back those eastward horse regiments, drawn forward the infantry battalions; forward, I think, and well rightward, where,

in the daytime, Daun's left flank was. On the whole it is north-westward that the general Prussian Bivouac for this night is; the extremest south-westernmost portion of it is Infantry, under General Lestwitz; a gallant useful man, who little dreams of becoming famous, this dreary uncertain night.

It is 6 o'clock. Damp dusk has thickened down into utter darkness, on these terms:—when, lo, cannonade and musketade from the south, audible in the Lestwitz-Hülsen quarters: seriously loud; red glow of conflagration visible withal,—some unfortunate Village going up ("Village of Siptitz, think you?"); and need of Hülsen at his fastest! Hülsen, with some readiest Foot Regiments, circling round, makes thitherward; Lestwitz in the van. Let us precede him thither, and explain a little what it was.

Ziethen, who had stood all day making idle noises,—of what a fatal quality we know, if Ziethen did not,—waiting for the King's appearance, must have been considerably displeased with himself at night-fall, when the King's fire gradually died out farther and farther north, giving rise to the saddest surmises. Ziethen's Generals, Saldern and the Leuthen Möllendorf, are full of gloomy impatience, urgent on him to try something. "Push westward, nearer the King? Some stroke at the enemy on their south or south-western side, where we have not molested them all day? No getting across the Röhrgraben,—on them, says your Excellency? Siptitz Village, and their Battery there, is on *our* side of the Röhrgraben:—*um Gottes Willen*, something, Herr General!" Ziethen does finally assent: draws leftward, westward; unbuckles Saldern's people upon Siptitz; who go like sharp hounds from the slip; fasten on Siptitz; and the Austrians there, with a will; wrench these out, force them to abandon their Battery, and to set Siptitz on fire, while they run out of it. Comfortable bit of success, so far,—were not Siptitz burning, so that we cannot get through. "Through, no: and were we through, is not there the Röhrgraben?" thinks Ziethen, not seeing his way.

How lucky that, at this moment, Möllendorf comes in,

with a discovery to westward; discovery of our old friend "the Butter Street,"—it is nothing more,—where Ziethen should have marched this morning: there would he have found a solid road across the Röhrgaben, free passage by a bridge between two bits of ponds, at the *Schäferei* (Sheep-Farm) of Siptitz yonder. "There still," reports Möllendorf, "the solid road is; unbeset hitherto, except by me, Möllendorf!" Thitherward all do now hasten, Austrians, Prussians: but the Prussians are beforehand. Möllendorf is master of the Pass, deploying himself on the other side of it, and Ziethen and everybody hastening through to support him there, and the Austrians making fierce fight in vain. The sound of which has reached Hülsen, and set Lestwitz and him in motion thither.

For the thing is vital, if we knew it. Close ahead of Möllendorf, when he is through this Pass, close on Möllendorf's left, as he wheels round on the attacking Austrians, is the south-west corner of Siptitz Height. South-west corner, highest point of it; summit and key of all that Battle area; rules it all, if you get cannon thither. It hangs steepish on the southern side, over the Röhrgaben, where this Möllendorf-Austrian fight begins; but it is beautifully accessible, if you bear round to the west side,—a fine saddle-shaped bit of clear ground there, in shape like the outside or seat of a saddle; Domitsch Wood the crupper part; summit of this Height the pommel, only nothing like so steep:—it is here (on the southern saddle-flap, so to speak), gradually mounting westward to the crupper-and-pommel part, that the agony now is.

And here, in utter darkness, illuminated only by the musketry and cannon blazes, there ensued two hours of stiff wrestling in its kind: not the fiercest spasm of all, but the final which decided all. Lestwitz, Hülsen, come sweeping on, led by the sound and the fire; "beating the Prussian march, they," sharply on all their drums,—Prussian march, rat-tan-tan, sharply through the gloom of Chaos in that manner; and join themselves, with no mistake made, to Möllendorf's, to Ziethen's, left and the saddle-flap there, and fall on. The night is pitch-dark, says Archenhölz; you cannot see your hand before you.

Old Hülse's bridle-horses were all shot away, when he heard this alarm, far off : no horse left ; and he is old ; and has his own bruises. He seated himself on a cannon ; and so rides, and arrives ; right welcome the sight of him, doubt not ! And the Fight rages still for an hour or more.

To an observant Möllendorf, watching about all day, the importance and all-importance of Siptitz Summit, if it can be got, is probably known ; to Daun it is alarmingly well known, when he hears of it. Daun is zealously urgent on Lacy, on O'Donnell ; who do try what they can ; send reinforcements, and the like ; but nothing that proves useful. O'Donnell is not the man for such a crisis : Lacy, too, it is remarked, has always been more expert in ducking out of Friedrich's way than in fighting anybody. In fine, such is the total darkness, the difficulty, the uncertainty, most or all of the reinforcements sent halted short, in the belly of the Night, uncertain where ; and their poor friends got altogether beaten and driven away.

About 9 at night, all the Austrians are rolling off, eastward, eastward. Prussians goading them forward what they could (firing not quite done till 10) ; and that all-important pommel of the saddle is indisputably won. The Austrians settled themselves, in a kind of half-moon shape, close on the suburbs of Torgau ; the Prussians in a parallel half-moon posture, some furlongs behind them. The Austrians sat but a short time ; not a moment longer than was indispensable. Daun perceives that the key of his ground is gone from him ; that he will have to send a second Courier to Vienna. And, above all things, that he must forthwith get across the Elbe and away. Lucky for him that he has Three Bridges (or Four, including the Town Bridge), and that his Baggage is already all across and standing on wheels. With excellent despatch and order Daun winds himself across,—all of him that is still coherent ; and indeed, in the distant parts of the Battle-field, wandering Austrian parties were admonished hitherward by the River's voice in the great darkness,—and Daun's loss in prisoners, though great, was less than could have been expected : 8,000 in all.

Till towards one in the morning, the Prussians, in

their half-moon, had not learned what he was doing. About one they pushed into Torgau, and across the Town Bridge; found 26 pontoons,—all the rest packed off except these 26;—and did not follow farther. Lacy retreated by the other or left bank of the River, to guard against attempts from that side. Next day there was pursuit of Lacy; some prisoners and furnitures got from him, but nothing of moment: Daun and Lacy joined at Dresden; took post, as usual, behind their inaccessible Plauen Chasms. Sat there, in view of the chasing Prussians, without farther loss than this of Torgau, and of a Campaign gone to water again. What an issue, for the third time!—

On Torgau-field, behind that final Prussian half-moon, there reigned all night, a confusion which no tongue can express. Poor wounded men by the hundred and the thousand, weltering in their blood, on the cold wet ground; not surgeons or nurses, but merciless predatory sutlers, equal to murder if necessary, waiting on them and on the happier that were dead. “Unutterable!” says Archenholtz; who, though wounded, had crawled or got carried to some village near. The living wandered about in gloom and uncertainty; lucky he whose haversack was still his, and a crust of bread in it: water was a priceless luxury, almost nowhere discoverable. Prussian Generals roved about with their Staff-Officers, seeking to re-form their Battalions; to little purpose. They had grown indignant, in some instances, and were vociferously imperative and minatory; “but in the dark who need mind them?—they went raving elsewhere, and, for the first time, Prussian word-of-command saw itself futile.” Pitch darkness, bitter cold, ground trampled into mire. On Siptitz Hill there is nothing that will burn: farther back, in the Domitsch Woods, are numerous fine fires, to which Austrians and Prussians alike gather: “Peace and truce between us; to-morrow morning, we will see which are prisoners, which are captors.” So pass the wild hours, all hearts longing for the dawn, and what decision it will bring.

Friedrich, at Elsnig, found every hut full of wounded, and their surgeries, and miseries silent or loud. He himself took shelter in the little Church; passed the

night there. Busy about many things;—"using, the altar," it seems, "by way of writing-table" (self or secretaries kneeling, shall we fancy, on those new terms?), "and the stairs of it as seat." Of the final Ziethen-Lestwitz effort he would scarcely hear the musketry or cannonade, being so far away from it. At what hour, or from whom first, he learned that the Battle of Torgau had become Victory in the night-time, I know not: the Anecdote-Books send him out in his cloak, wandering up and down before daybreak; standing by the soldiers' fires; and at length, among the Woods, in the faint incipency of dawn, meeting a Shadow which proves to be Ziethen himself in the body, with embraces and congratulations:—evidently mythical, though dramatic. Reach him the news soon did; and surely none could be welcomer. Headquarters change from the altar-steps in Elsnig Church to secular rooms in Torgau. Ziethen has already sped forth on the skirts of Lacy; whole Army follows next day; and, on the War-Theatre it is, on the sudden, a total change of scene.

THE BATTLE OF PRAG.

MONDAY morning, 2nd May 1757, the Vanguard, or advanced troop of Friedrich's Column, had appeared upon the Weissenberg, north-west corner of Prag (ground known to them in 1744, and the poor Winter-King in 1620): Vanguard in the morning; followed shortly by Friedrich himself; and, hour after hour, by all the others, marching in. So that, before sunset, the whole force lay posted there; and had the romantic City of Prag full in view at their feet. A most romantic, high-piled, many-towered, most unlevel old City; its skylights and gilt steeplecocks glittering in the western sun, the Austrian Camp very visible close beyond it, spread out miles in extent on the Ziscaberg Heights, or eastern side;—Prag, no doubt, and the Austrian Garrison of Prag, taking intense survey of this Prussian phenomenon, with commentaries, with emotions, hidden now in eternal silence, as is fit enough. One thing we know, "Headquarter

was in Welleslawin :” there, in that small Hamlet, nearly to north, lodged Friedrich, the then busiest man of Europe; whom Posterity is still striving for a view of, as something memorable.

Prince Karl, our old friend, is now in chief command yonder; Browne also is there, who was in chief command; their scheme of Campaign gone all awry. And to Friedrich, last night, at his quarters “in the Monastery of Tuchomirsz,” where these two gentlemen had lodged the night before, it was reported that they had been heard in violent altercation;—both of them, naturally, in ill-humour at the surprising turn things had taken; and Feldmarschall Browne firing up, belike, at some platitude past or coming, at some advice of his rejected, some imputation cast on him, or we know not what. Prince Karl is now chief; and indignant Browne, as may well be the case, dissents a good deal,—as he has often had to do. Patience, my friend, it is near ending now, Prince Karl means to lie quiet on the Ziscaberg, and hold Prag; does not think of molesting Friedrich in his solitary state; and will undertake nothing “till Königseck, from Jung-Buntzlau, comes in,” victorious or not; or till perhaps even Daun arrive (who is, rather slowly, gathering reinforcement in Mähren): “What can the enemy attempt on us, in a Post of this strength?” thinks Prince Karl. And Browne, whatever his insight or convictions be, has to keep silence.

Friedrich’s first problem is the junction with Schwerin : junction not to be accomplished south of the Ziscaberg in the present circumstances; and which Friedrich knows to be a ticklish operation, with those Austrians looking on from the high grounds there. Tuesday 3d May, in the way of reconnoitring, and decisively on Wednesday 4th, Friedrich is off northward, along the western heights of Lower Moldau, proper force following him, to seek a fit place for the pontoons and get across in that northern quarter. “How dangerous that Schwerin is a day too late!” murmurs he; but hopes the Austrians will undertake nothing. Keith, with 30,000, he has left on the Weissenberg, to straiten Prag and the Austrian Garrison on that side: our wagon-trains arrive

from Leitmeritz; very indispensable to guard that side of Prag. Friedrich's fixed purpose also is to beat the Austrians, on the other side of it, and send them packing; but for that, there are steps needful!

Up so far as Lissoley, the first day, Friedrich has found no fit place; but on the morrow, Thursday 5th, farther up, at a place called Seltz, Friedrich finds his side of the Strath to be "a little higher than the other,"—proper, therefore, for cannonading the other, if need be;—and orders his pontoons to be built together there. He knows accurately of the Schwerin Column, of the comfortable Bevern Victory at Reichenberg, and now they have got the Jung-Buntzlau Magazine, and are across the Elbe, their bridges all secure though with delay of one day; and do now wait only for the word,—for the three cannon-shot, in fact, which are to signify that Friedrich is actually crossing to their side of Lower Moldau.

Friedrich's Bridge is speedily built (trained human hands can be no speedier), his batteries planted, his precautions taken: the three cannon-shot go off, audible to Schwerin; and Friedrich's troops stream speedily across, hardly a Pandour to meddle with them. Nay, before the passage was complete—what light-horse squadrons are these? Hussars, seen to be Seidlitz's (missioned by Schwerin), appear on the outskirts: a meeting worthy of three-cheers, surely, after such a march on both sides! Friedrich lies on the eastern Hill-tops that night (Hamlet of Czimitz his Headquarter, discoverable if you wish it, scarcely three miles north of Prag); and accurate appointment is made with Schwerin as to the meeting-place tomorrow morning. Meeting-place is to be the environs of Prossik Village, south-eastward over yonder, short way north of the Prag-Königgrätz Highway; and rather nearer Prag than we now are, in Czimitz here: time at Prossik to be 6 A.M. by the clock; and Winterfeld and Schwerin to come in person and speak with his Majesty. This is the program for Friday, May 6th, which proves to be so memorable a day.

Schwerin is on foot by the stroke of midnight; comes along, "over the heights of Chaber," by half-a-dozen, or

I know not how many roads; visible in due time to Friedrich's people, who are likewise punctually on the advance: in a word, the junction is accomplished with all correctness. And, while the Columns are marching up, Schwerin and Winterfeld ride about in personal conference with his Majesty taking survey, through spyglasses, of those Austrians encamped yonder on the broad back of their Zisca Hill, a couple of miles to southward. "What a set of Austrians," exclaim military critics; "to permit such junction, without effort to devour the one half or the other in good time!" Friedrich himself, it is probable, might partly be of the same opinion; but he knew his Austrians, and had made bold to venture. Friedrich, we can observe, always got to know his man, after fighting him a month or two; and took liberties with him, or did not take, accordingly. And, for most part,—not quite always, as one signal exception will show,—he does it with perfect accuracy; and often with vital profit to his measures. "If the Austrian cooking-tents are a-smoke before eight in the morning," notes he, "you may calculate, in such case, the Austrians will march that day." With a surprising vividness of eye and mind (beautiful to rival, if one could) he watches the signs of the times, of the hours and the days and the places; and prophesies from them;) reads men and their procedures, as if they were mere handwriting, not too cramp for him.—The Austrians have, by this time, got their Königseck home, very unvictorious, but still on foot, all but a thousand or two: they are already stronger than the Prussians by count of heads; and till even Daun come up, what hurry in a Post like this? The Austrians are viewing Friedrich, too, this morning; but in the blankest manner: their outposts fire a cannon-shot or two on his group of adjutants and him, without effect; and the Head people send their cavalry out to forage, so little prophecy have they from signs seen.

Zisca Hill, where the Austrians now are, rises sheer up, of well-nigh precipitous steepness, though there are trees and grass on it, from the Eastern side of Prag, say five or six hundred feet. A steep, picturesque, massive green Hill; Moldau River, turning suddenly to right,

strikes the north-west corner of it (has flowed well to west of it, till then), and winds eastward round its northern base. As will be noticed presently. The ascent of Ziscaberg, by roads, is steep and tedious : but once at the top, you find that it is precipitous on two sides only, the City or westward side, and the Moldau or northward. Atop it spreads out, far and wide, into a waving upland level ; bare of hedges ; ploughable all of it, studded with littery hamlets and farmsteadings : far and wide, a kind of Plain, sloping with extreme gentleness, five or six miles to eastward, and as far to southward, before the level perceptibly rise again.

Another feature of the Ziscaberg, already hinted at, is very notable : that of the Moldau skirting its northern base, and scarping the Hill, on that side too, into a precipitous or very steep condition. Moldau having arrived from southward, fairly past the end of Ziscaberg, had, so to speak, made up his mind to go right eastward, quarrying his way through the lower uplands there. And he proceeds, accordingly, hugging the northern base of Ziscaberg, and making it steep enough ; but finds, in the course of a mile or so, that he can no more ; upland being still rock-built, not underminable farther ; and so is obliged to wind round again, to northward, and finally straight westward, the way he came, or parallel to the way he came ; and has effected that great Horse-shoe Hollow we heard of lately. An extremely pretty Hollow, and curious to look upon ; pretty villas, gardens, and a "Belvedere Park," laid out in the bottom part ; with green mountain-walls rising all round it, and a silver ring of river at the base of them : length of Horse-shoe, from heel to toe, or from west to east is perhaps a mile ; breadth, from heel to heel, perhaps half as much. Having arrived at his old distance to west, Moldau, like a repentant prodigal, and as if ashamed of his frolic, just over against the old point he swerved from, takes straight to northward again. Straight northward ; and quarries out that fine narrow valley, or Quasi-highland Strath, with its pleasant busy villages, where he turns the overshot machinery, and where Friedrich and his men had their pontoons swimming yesterday.

It is here, on this broad back of the Ziscaberg, that the Austrians now lie; looking northward over to the King, and trying cannon-shots upon him. There they have been encamping, and diligently entrenching themselves for four days past; diligent especially since yesterday, when they heard of Friedrich's crossing the River. Their group of tents, and batteries at all the good points, stretch from near the crown of Ziscaberg eastward to the villages of Hlaupetin, Kyge, and their Lakes, near four miles; and rearward into the interior one knows not how far;—Prince Karl, hardly awake yet, lies at Nussel, near the Moldau, near the Wischerad or south-eastmost point of Prag; six good miles west-by-south of Kyge, at the other end of the diagonal line. About the same distance, right east from Nussel, and a mile or more to south of Kyge over yonder, is a littery Farmstead named Stérbohol, which is not yet occupied by the Austrians, but will become very famous in their War-Annals, this day!—

Where the Austrian Camp or various Tent-groups were, at the time Friedrich first cast eye on them, is no great concern of his or ours; inasmuch as, in two or three hours hence, the Austrians were obliged, rather suddenly, to take Order of Battle; and that, and not their camping, is the thing we are curious upon. Let us step across, and take some survey of that Austrian ground, which Friedrich is now surveying from the distance, fully intending that it shall be a battle-ground in few hours; and try to explain how the Austrians drew up on it, when they noticed the Prussian symptoms to become serious more and more. By nine in the morning,—some two hours after Friedrich began his scanning, and the Austrian outposts their firing of stray cannon-shots on him,—it is Battle-lines, not empty Tents (which there was not time to strike), that salute the eye over yonder.

From that verdant Horse-shoe Chasm we spoke of, buttressed by the inaccessible steeps, and the Moldau, double-folded in the form of Horse-shoe, all along the brow of that sloping expanse, stands (by 9 A.M. "foragers all suddenly called in") the Austrian front; the second line and the reserve, parallel to it, at good distances

behind. Ranked there; say, 65,000 regulars (Prussian force little short of the same), on the brow of Ziscaberg slope, some four miles long. Their right wing ends, in strong batteries, in intricate marshes, knolls, lakelets, between Hlaupetin and Kyge: the extreme of their left wing looks over on that Horse-shoe Hollow, where Moldau tried to dig his way, but could not, and had to turn back. They have numerous redoubts, in front and in all the good places; and are busy with more; some of them just now getting finished, treble-quick, while the Prussians are seen under way. As many as sixty heavy cannon in battery up and down; of field-pieces they have a hundred and fifty. Excellent always with their Artillery, these Austrians; plenty of it, well placed, and well served: thanks to Prince Lichtenstein's fine labours, within these ten years past. The villages, the farmsteads, are occupied; every rising ground especially has its battery,—Homoly Berg, Tabor Berg, "Mount of Tabor"; say Knoll of Tabor (nothing like so high as Battersea Rise, hardly even as Constitution Hill), though scriptural Zisca would make a Mount of it;—these, and other Bergs of the like type.

That is the Austrian Battle Order (as it stood about nine, though it had still to change a little, as we shall see): their first line, straight or nearly so, looking northward, stands on the brow of the Zisca Slope; their second and their third, singularly like it, at the due distances behind;—in the intervals, their tents which stand scattered, in groups wide apart, in the ample interior to southward. The cavalry is on both wings; left wing, behind that Moldau Chasm, cannot attack nor be attacked,—except it were on hippogriffs, and its enemy on the like, capable of fighting in the air, overhead of these Belvedere Pleasure-grounds: perhaps Prince Karl will remedy this oversight; fruit of close following of the orthodox practice? Prince Karl, supreme Chief, commands on the left wing; Browne on the right, where he can attack or be attacked, *not* on hippogriffs. As we shall see, and others will! Light horse, in any quantity, hang scattered on all outskirts. With foot, with cannon batteries, with horse, light or heavy, they cover in long broad flood the whole of that

Zisca Slope, to near where it ceases, and the ground to eastward begins perceptibly to rise again.

In this latter quarter, Zisca Slope, now nearly ended, begins to get very swampy in parts; on the eastern border of the Austrian Camp, at Kyge, Hostawitz, and beyond it southward, about Sterbohol, and Michelup, are many little lakelets (all well dried in our day) that straggle and zigzag along there, connected by the miserablest Brook in nature, which takes to oozing and serpentinising forward thereabouts, and does finally get emptied, now in rather a livelier condition, into the Moldau, about the toe-part of that Horse-shoe or Belvedere region. It runs in sight of the King, I think, where he now is; this lower livelier part of it: little does the King know how important the upper oozing portion of it will be to him this day. Near Michelup are lakelets worth noticing; a little under Sterbohol, in the course of this miserable Brook, is a string of fish-ponds, with their sluices open at this time, the water out, and the mud bottom sown with herb-provender for the intended carps, which is coming on beautifully, green as leeks, and nearly ready for the fish getting to it again.

Friedrich surveys diligently what he can of all this, from the northern verge. We will now return to Friedrich; and will stay on his side, through the terrible Action that is coming. Battle of Prag one of the furious Battles of the World; loud as Doomsday;—the very Emblem of which, done on the Piano by females of energy, scatters mankind to flight who love their ears!

Friedrich, with his Schwerin and Winterfeld, surveying these things from the northern edge, admits that the Austrian position is extremely strong; but he has no doubt that it must be, by some good method, attacked straightway, and the Austrians got beaten. Indisputably the enterprise is difficult. Unattackable clearly, the Austrians, on that left wing of theirs; not in the centre well attackable, nor in the front at all, with that stiff ground, and such redoubts and points of strength: but round on their right yonder; take them in flank,—cannot we? On as far as Kyge, the Three have ridden reconnoitring; and found no possibility upon the front;

nor at Kyge, where the front ends in batteries, pools and quagmires, is there any. "Difficult, not undoable," persists the King: "and it must be straightway set about, and got done." Winterfeld, always for action, is of that opinion, too; and, examining farther down along their right flank, reports that there the thing is feasible.

Feasible perhaps: "but straightway?" objects Schwerin. His men have been on foot since midnight, and on forced marches for days past: were it not better to rest for this one day? "Rest:—and Daun coming on with 30,000 of reinforcement to them, might arrive this night? Never, my good Feldmarschall;"—and as the Feldmarschall was a man of stiff notions, and had a tongue of some emphasis, the Dialogue went on, probably with increasing emphasis on Friedrich's side too, till old Schwerin, with a quite emphatic flash of countenance, crushing the hat firm over his brow, exclaims: "Well, your Majesty: the fresher fish the better fish straightway, then!" and springs off on the gallop southward, he too, seeking some likely point of attack. He too,—conjointly or not with Winterfeld, I do not know: Winterfeld himself does not say; whose own modest words, on the subject, readers shall see before we finish. But both are mentioned in the Books as scarching, at hand-gallop, in this way: and both, once well round to south, by the Podschernitz quarter, with the Austrian right flank full in view, were agreed that here the thing was possible. "Infantry to push from this quarter towards Sterbohol yonder, and then plunge into their redoubts and them. Cavalry may sweep still farther southward, if found convenient, and even take them in rear." Both agree that it will do in this way: ground tolerably good, slightly downwards for us, then slightly upwards again; tolerable for horse even:—the intermediate lacing of dirty lakelets, the fishponds with their sluices drawn, Schwerin and Winterfeld either did not notice at all, or thought them insignificant, interspersed with such beautiful "pasture-ground,"—of unusual verdure at this early season of the year.

The deployment, or "marching up" of the Prussian was wonderful; in their squadrons, in their battalions,

horse, foot, artillery, wheeling, closing, opening; strangely chequering a country-side,—in movements intricate, chaotic to all but the scientific eye. Conceive them, flowing along, from the Heights of Chaber, behind Prossik Hamlet (right wing of infantry plants itself at Prossik, horse westward of them); and ever onwards in broad many-chequered tide-stream, eastward, eastward, then southward ("our artillery went through Podschernitz, the foot and horse a little on this westward side of it"): intricate, many-glancing tide of coming battle; which swift, correct as clockwork, becomes two lines, from Prossik to near Chwala ("baggage well behind at Gbell"); thence round by Podschernitz quarter; and descends, steady, swift, tornado-storm so beautifully hidden in it, towards Sterbohol, there to grip-to. Gradually, in stirring up those old dead pedantic record-books, the fact rises on us: silent whirlwinds of old Platt-Deutsch fire, beautifully held down, dwell in those mute masses; better human stuff there is not than that old Teutsch (Dutch, English, Platt-Deutsch, and other varieties); and so disciplined as here it never was before or since. "In an hour and a half," what military men may count almost incredible, they are fairly on their ground, motionless the most of them by 9 A.M.; the rest wheeling rightward, as they successively arrive in the Chwala-Podschernitz localities; and, descending diligently, Sterbohol way; and will be at their harvest-work anon.

Meanwhile the Austrians, seeing, to their astonishment, these phenomena to the north, and that it is a quite serious thing, do also rapidly bestir themselves; swarming like bees;—bringing in their foraging Cavalry, "No time to change your jacket for a coat:" rank, double-quick. Browne is on that right wing of theirs: "Bring the left wing over hither," suggests Browne; "cavalry is useless yonder, unless they had hippogriffs!"—and (again Browne suggesting) the Austrians make a change in the position of their right wing, both horse and foot: change which is of vital importance, though unnoted in many Narratives of this Battle. Seeing, namely, what the Prussians intend, they wheel their

right wing (say the last furlong or two of their long Line of Battle) half round to right; so that the last furlong or two stands at right angles ("*en potence*," gallowswise, or joiner's-square-wise to the rest); and, in this way, make a front to the Prussian onslaught,—front now, not flank, as the Prussians are anticipating. This is an important wheel to right, and formation in joiner's-square manner; and involves no end of interior wheeling, marching and deploying; which Austrians cannot manage with Prussian velocity. "Swift with it, here, about Sterbohol at least, my men! For here *are* the Prussians within wind of us!" urges Browne. And here straightway the hurricane does break loose.

Winterfeld, the van of Schwerin's infantry (Schwerin's own regiment, and some others, with him), is striding rapidly on Sterbohol; Winterfeld catches it before Browne can. But near by, behind that important post, on the Homoly Hill (*Berg* or "Mountain," nothing like so high as Constitution Mountain), are cannon-batteries of devouring quality; which awaken on Winterfeld, as he rushes out double-quick on the advancing Austrians; and are fatal to Winterfeld's attempt, and nearly to Winterfeld himself. Winterfeld, heavily wounded, sank in swoon from his horse; and awakening again in a pool of blood, found his men all off, rushing back upon the main Schwerin body; "Austrian grenadiers gazing on the thing, about eighty paces off, not venturing to follow." Winterfeld, half-dead, scrambled across to Schwerin, who is now come up with the main body, his front line fronting the Austrians here. And there ensued, about Sterbohol and neighbourhood, led on by Schwerin, such a death-wrestle as was seldom seen in the Annals of War. Winterfeld's miss of Sterbohol was the beginning of it; the exact course of sequel none can describe, though the end is well known.

The Austrians now hold Sterbohol with firm grip, backed by those batteries from Homoly Hill. Redoubts, cannon-batteries, as we said, stud all the field; the Austrian stock of artillery is very great; arrangement of it cunning, practice excellent; does honour to Prince Lichtenstein, and indeed is the real force of the Austrians

on this occasion. Schwerin must have Sterbohol, in spite of batteries and ranked Austrians, and Winterfeld's recoil tumbling round him:—and rarely had the oldest veteran such a problem. Old Schwerin (fiery as ever, at the age of 73) has been in many battles, from Blenheim onwards; and now has got to his hottest and his last. "Vanguard could not do it; main body, we hope, kindling all the hotter, perhaps may! A most willing mind is in these Prussians of Schwerin's: fatigue of over-marching has tired the muscles of them; but their hearts,—all witnesses say, these (and through these, their very muscles, "always fresh again, after a few minutes of breathing time") were beyond comparison this day!

Schwerin's Prussians, as they "march up" (that is, as they front and advance upon the Austrians), are everywhere saluted by case-shot, from Homoly Hill and the batteries northward of Homoly; but march on this main line of them, finely regardless of it or of Winterfeld's disaster by it. The general Prussian Order this day is: "By push of bayonet; no firing, none, at any rate, till you see the whites of their eyes!" Swift, steady as on the parade-ground, swiftly making up their gaps again, the Prussians advance, on these terms; and are now near those "fine sleek pasture-grounds, unusually green for the season." Figure the actual stepping upon these "fine pasture-grounds":—mud-tanks, verdant with mere "bearding oat-crop" sown there as carp-provender! Figure the sinking of whole regiments to the knee; to the middle, some of them; the steady march become a wild sprawl through viscous mud, mere case-shot singing round you, tearing you away at its ease! Even on those terrible terms, the Prussians, by dams, by footpaths, sometimes one man abreast, sprawl steadily forward, trailing their cannon with them; only a few regiments, in the footpath parts, cannot bring their cannon. Forward; rank again, when the ground will carry; ever forward, the case-shot getting ever more murderous! No human pen can describe the deadly chaos which ensued in that quarter. Which lasted, in desperate fury, issue dubious, for above three hours; and was the crisis, or essential agony, of

the Battle. Foot-chargings (once the mud-transit was accomplished), under storms of grape-shot from Homoly Hill; by and by, Horse-chargings, Prussian against Austrian, southward of Homoly and Sterbohol, still farther to the Prussian left; huge whirlpool of tumultuous death-wrestle, every species of spasmodic effort, on the one side and the other;—King himself present there, as I dimly discover; Feldmarschall Browne eminent, in the last of his fields; and, as the old *Niebelungen* has it, “a murder grim and great” going on.

Schwerin’s Prussians, in that preliminary struggle through the mud-tanks (which Winterfeld, I think, had happened to skirt, and avoid), were hard bested. This, so far as I can learn, was the worst of the chaos, this preliminary part. Intolerable to human nature, this, or nearly so; even to human nature of the Platt-Teutsch type, improved by Prussian drill. Winterfeld’s repulse we saw; Schwerin’s own regiment in it. Various repulses, I perceive, there were,—“fresh regiments from our Second Line” storming in thereupon; till the poor repulsed people “took breath,” repented, “and themselves stormed in again,” say the Books. Fearful tugging, swagging and swaying is conceivable, in this Sterbohol problem! And after long scanning, I rather judge it was in the wake of that first repulse, and not of some farther on, that the veteran Schwerin himself got his death. No one times it for us; but the fact is unforgettable; and in the dim whirl of sequences, dimly places itself there. Very certain it is, “at sight of his own regiment in retreat,” Feldmarschall Schwerin seized the colours,—as did other Generals, who are not named, that day. Seizes the colours, fiery old man: “This way, my sons!” and rides ahead, along the straight dam again; his “sons” all turning, and with hot repentance following. “On, my children!” Five bits of grape-shot, deadly each of them, at once hit the old man; dead he sinks there on his flag; and will never fight more. “On!” storm the others with hot tears; Adjutant von Platen takes the flag; Platen, too, is instantly shot; but another takes it. “On!” in wild storm of rage and grief;—in a word, they managed to do the work at Sterbohol, they and the rest. First line, Second line,

Infantry, Cavalry (and even the very Horses, I suppose), fighting inexpressibly, conquering one of the worst problems ever seen in War. For the Austrians too, especially their grenadiers there, stood to it toughly, and fought like men;—and “every grenadier that survived of them,” as I read afterwards, “got double pay for life.”

Done, that Sterbohol work;—those Foot-chargings, Horse-chargings; that Battery of Homoly Hill; and, hanging upon that, all manner of redoubts and batteries to the rightward and rearward:—but how it was done no pen can describe, nor any intellect in clear sequence understand. An enormous *mêlée* there: new Prussian battalions charging, and ever new, irrepressible by case-shot, as they successively get up; Marshal Browne too sending for new battalions at double-quick from his left, disputing stiffly every inch of his ground. Till at length (hour not given), a cannon-shot tore away his foot; and he had to be carried into Prag, mortally wounded. Which probably was a most important circumstance, or the most important of all.

Important too, I gradually see, was that of the Prussian Horse of the Left Wing. Prussian Horse of the extreme left, as already noticed, had, in the meanwhile, fallen in, well southward, round by certain lakelets about Michelup, on Browne's extreme right; furiously charging the Austrian Horse, which stood ranked there in many lines; breaking it, then again half broken by it; but again rallying, charging it a second time, then a third time, “both to front and flank, amid whirlwinds of dust” (Ziethen busy there, not to mention indignant Warnery and others);—and at length, driving it wholly to the winds: “beyond Nussel, towards the Sazawa Country”; never seen again that day. Prince Karl (after Browne's death-wound, or before, I never know) came galloping to rally that important Right Wing of horse. Prince Karl did his very utmost there; obtesting, praying, raging, threatening: but to no purpose; the Zietheners and others, so heavy on the rear of them:—and at last there came a cramp, or intolerable twinge of spasm, through Prince Karl's own person (breast or heart), like to take the life of him: so that he too had to be carried into Prag to the doctors.

And his Cavalry fled at discretion chased by Ziethen^o, on Friedrich's express order, and sent quite over the horizon. Enough, "by about half-past one," Sterbohol work is thoroughly done: and the Austrian Batt^{le}, both its Commanders gone, has heeled fairly downwards, and is in an ominous way.

The whole of this Austrian Right Wing, horse and foot, batteries and redoubts, which was put *en potence*, or square-wise, to the main battle, is become a ruin; gone to confusion; hovers in distracted clouds, seeking roads to run away by, which it ultimately found. Done all this surely was; and poor Browne, mortally wounded, is being carried off the ground; but in what sequence done, under what exact vicissitudes of aspect, special steps of cause and effect, no man can say; and only imagination, guided by these few data can paint to itself. Such a chaotic whirlwind of blood, dust, mud, artillery-thunder, sulphurous rage, and human death and victory, —who shall pretend to describe it, or draw, except in the gross, the scientific plan of it?

For, in the meantime,—I think while the dispute, at Sterbohol, on the extreme of the Austrian right wing "in joiner's-square form," was past the hottest (but nobody will give the hour),—there has occurred another thing, much calculated to settle that. And, indeed, to settle everything;—as it did. This was a volunteer exploit, upon the very elbow or angle of said "joiner's square;" in the wet grounds between Hlaupetin and Kyge, a good way north of Sterbohol. Volunteer exploit; on the part of General Mannstein, our old Russian friend; which Friedrich, a long way off from it, blames as a rash fault of Mannstein's, made good by Prince Henri and Ferdinand of Brunswick running up to mend it; but which Winterfeld, and subsequent good judges, admit to have been highly salutary, and to have finished everything. It went, if I read right, somewhat as follows.

In the Kyge-Hlaupetin quarter, at the corner of that Austrian right wing *en potence*, there had, much contrary to Browne's intention, a perceptible gap occurred; the corner is open there; nothing in it but batteries and swamps. The Austrian right wing, wheeling southward

there to form *potence*; and scrambling and marching; then and subsequently, through such ground at double-quick, had gone too far, had thinned and lengthened itself, as is common, in such scrambling, and double-quick movement, and left a little gap at elbow; which always rather widened as the stress at Sterbohol went on. Certain enough, a gap there is, covered only by some half-moon battery in advance: into this, General Mahnstein has been looking wistfully a long time: "Austrian Line fallen out at elbow yonder; clouted by some battery in advance?"—and at length cannot help dashing loose on it with his Division. A man liable to be rash, and always too impetuous in battle-time.

He would have fared ill, thinks Friedrich, had not Henri and Ferdinand, in pain for Mannstein (some think, privately in pre-concert with him), hastened in to help; and done it altogether in a shining way; surmounting perilous difficulties not a few. Hard fighting in that corner, partly on the Sterbohol terms; batteries, mud-tanks; chargings, rechargings: "Comrades, you have got honour enough (the second man of you lying dead); let us now try!" said a certain Regiment to a certain other, in this business. Prince Henri shone especially, the gallant little gentleman: coming upon one of those mud-tanks with battery beyond, his men were spreading file-wise, to cross it on the dams; "*Bursche*, this way!" cried the Prince, and plunged in middle-deep, right upon the battery and over it, and victoriously took possession of it. In a word, they all plunge forward, in a shining manner; rush on those half-moon batteries, regardless of results; rush over them, seize and secure them. Rush, in a word, fairly into that Austrian hole-at-elbow, torrents more following them,—and irretrievably ruin both fore-arm and shoulder-arm of the Austrians thereby.

Fore-arm (Austrian right wing, if still struggling and wriggling about Sterbohol) is taken in flank; shoulder-arm, or main line, the like; we have them both in flank; with their own batteries to scour them to destruction here:—the Austrian Line, throughout, is become a ruin. Has to hurl itself rapidly to rightwards, to rearwards, says Tempelhof, behind what redoubts and strong points it may have in those parts; and then, by sure stages

(Tempelhof guesses three or perhaps four), as one redoubt after another is torn from the loose grasp of it, and the stand made becomes ever weaker, and the confusion worse,—to roll pell-mell into Prag, and hastily close the door behind it. The Prussians, Sterbohol people, Mannstein-Henri people, 'left wing and right, are quite across the Zisca Back, on by Nussel (Prince Karl's head-quarter that was), and at the Moldau Brink again, when the thing ends. Ziethen's Hussars have been at Nussel, very busy plundering there, ever since that final charge and chase from Sterbohol. Plundering; and, I am ashamed to say, mostly drunk: "Your Majesty, I cannot rank a hundred sober," answered Ziethen (doubtless with a kind of blush), when the King applied for them. The King himself has got to Branik, farther up stream. Part of the Austrian foot fled, leftwards, southwards, as their right wing of horse had all done, up the Moldau. About 16,000 Austrians are distractedly on flight that way. Towards the Sazawa Country; to unite with Daun, as the now advisable thing. Near 40,000 of them are getting crammed into Prag; in spite of Prince Karl, now recovered of his cramp, and risen to the frantic pitch; who vainly struggles at the Gate against such inrush, and had even got through the Gate, conjuring and commanding, but was himself swum in again by those panic torrents of ebb-tide.

Rallying within, he again attempted, twice over, at two different points, to get out, and up the Moldau, with his broken people; but the Prussians, Nussel-Branik way, were awake to him: "No retreat up the Moldau for you, Austrian gentlemen!" They tried by another Gate, on the other side of the River; but Keith was awake too: "In again, ye Austrian gentlemen! Closed gates here too. What else?" Browne, from his bed of pain (death-bed, as it proved), was for a much more determined outrush: "In the dead of night, rank, deliberately adjust yourselves; storm out, one and all, and cut your way, night favouring!" That was Browne's last counsel; but that also was not taken. A really noble Browne, say all judges; died here in about six weeks,—and got away from Kriegs-Hofraths and Prince

Karls, and the stupidity of neighbours, and the other ills that flesh is heir to, altogether.

This is the famed Battle of Prag; fought, May 6th, 1757; which sounded through all the world,—and used to deafen us in drawing-rooms within man's memory. Results of it were: On the Prussian side, killed, wounded and missing, 12,500 men; on the Austrian, 13,300 (prisoners included), with many flags, cannon, tents, much-war-gear gone the wrong road;—and a very great humiliation and dispiritment; though they had fought well: "No longer the old Austrians, by any means," as Friedrich sees; but have iron ramrods, all manner of Prussian improvements, and are "learning to march," as he once says, with surprise not quite pleasant!

SOPHIE-CHARLOTTE.

SOPHIE-CHARLOTTE was, in her time, a highly distinguished woman; and has left, one may say, something of her likeness still traceable in the Prussian nation, and its form of culture, to this day. Charlottenburg (Charlotte's-town) where she lived, shone with a much admired French light under her Presidency,—French essentially, Versaillese,—illuminating the dark north; and indeed has never been so bright since. The light was not what we can call inspired; lunar rather, not of the genial or solar kind: but, in good truth, it was the best then going; and Sophie-Charlotte, who was her mother's daughter in this as in other respects, had made it her own. They were deep in literature, these two royal ladies; especially deep in French theological polemics, with a strong leaning to the rationalist side.

They had stopped in Rotterdam once, on a certain journey homewards from Flanders and the Baths of Aix-la-Chapelle, to see that admirable sage, the doubter Bayle. Their sublime messenger roused the poor man, in his garret there, in the Bompies,—after dark: but he had a headache that night; was in bed, and could not come. He followed them next day; leaving his paper imbroglios, his historical, philosophical, anti-theological

marine-shores; and suspended his never-ending scribble on their behalf;—but would not accept a pension, and give it up.

They were shrewd, noticing, intelligent and lively women; persuaded that there was some nobleness for man beyond what the tailor imparts to him; and even very eager to discover it, had they known how. In these very days, while our little Friedrich at Berlin lies in his cradle, sleeping most of his time, sage Leibnitz, a rather weak, but hugely ingenious old gentleman, with bright eyes and long nose, with vast black peruke and bandy legs, is seen daily in the Linden Avenue at Hanover (famed Linden Alley, leading from town palace to country one, a couple of miles long, rather disappointing when one sees it), daily driving or walking towards Herrenhausen, where the Court, where the old Electress is, who will have a touch of dialogue with him to diversify her day. Not very edifying dialogue, we may fear; yet once more, the best that can be had in present circumstances. Here is some lunar reflex of Versailles, which is a polite Court; direct rays there are from the oldest written gospels and the newest; from the great unwritten gospel of the Universe itself; and from one's own real effort, more or less devout, to read all these aright.

Sophie Charlotte partook of her mother's tendencies; and carried them with her to Berlin, there to be expanded in many ways into ampler fulfilment. She too had the sage Leibnitz often with her, at Berlin; no end to her questionings of him; eagerly desirous to draw water from that deep well,—a wet rope, with cobwebs sticking to it, too often all she got; endless rope, and the bucket never coming to view. Which, however, she took patiently, as a thing according to Nature. She had her learned Beausobres and other reverend Edict-of-Nantes gentlemen, famed Berlin divines; whom, if any Papist notability, Jesuit Ambassador or the like, happened to be there, she would set disputing with him, in the *Soirée* at Charlottenburg. She could right well preside over such a battle of the cloud-Titans, and conduct the lightnings softly, without explosions.

These were Sophie Charlotte's reunions; very charm-

ing in their time. At which how joyful for Irish Toland to be present, as was several times his luck. Toland, a mere broken heretic in his own country, who went thither once as Secretary to some Embassy (Embassy of Macclesfield's, 1701, announcing that the English Crown had fallen Hanover-wards), and was no doubt glad, poor headlong soul, to find himself a gentleman and Christian again, for the time being,—admires Hanover and Berlin very much; and looks upon Sophie Charlotte in particular as the pink of women. Something between an earthly Queen and a divine Egeria; "Serena" he calls her; and, in his high-flown fashion, is very laudatory, 'the most beautiful Princess of her time,' says he,—meaning one of the most beautiful; her features are extremely regular, and full of vivacity; copious dark hair, blue eyes, complexion excellently fair; 'not very tall, and somewhat too plump,' he admits elsewhere. And then her mind,—for gifts, for graces, culture, where will you find such a mind? 'Her reading is infinite, and she is conversant in all manner of subjects;' 'knows the abstrusest problems of Philosophy;' says admiring Toland: much knowledge everywhere exact, and handled as by an artist and queen; for 'her wit is inimitable,' 'her justness of thought, her delicacy of expression,' her felicity of utterance and management, are great. Foreign courtiers call her "the Republican Queen." She detects you a sophistry at one glance; pierces down direct upon the weak point of an opinion: never in my whole life did I, Toland, come upon a swifter or sharper intellect. And then she is so good withal, so bright and cheerful; and 'has the art of uniting what to the rest of the world are antagonisms, mirth and learning,'—say even, mirth and good sense. Is deep in music, too; plays daily on her harpsichord, and fantasies, and even composes, in an eminent manner. Toland's admiration, deducting the highflown temper and manner of the man, is sincere and great.

• Beyond doubt a bright airy lady, shining in mild radiance in those Northern parts; very graceful, very witty and ingenious; skilled to speak, skilled to hold her tongue—which latter art also was frequently in requisition with her. She did not much venerate her

husband, nor the Court population, male or female, whom he chose to have about him : his and their ways were by no means hers, if she had cared to publish her thoughts. Friedrich I., it is admitted on all hands, was "an expensive Herr"; much given to magnificent ceremonies, etiquettes and solemnities; making no great way anywhither, and that always with noise enough, and with a dust-vortex of courtier intrigues and cabals encircling him,—from which it is better to stand quite to windward. Moreover, he was slightly crooked; most sensitive, thin of skin and liable to sudden flaws of temper, though at heart very kind and good. Sophie Charlotte is she who wrote once, 'Leibnitz talked to me of the infinitely little : as if I did not know enough of that!' Besides, it is whispered, she was once near marrying to Louis XIV.'s Dauphin; her Mother Sophie, and her cousin the Dowager Duchess of Orleans, cunning women both, had brought her to Paris in her girlhood, with that secret object; and had very nearly managed it. Queen of France that might have been; and now it is but Brandenburg, and the dice have fallen somewhat 'wrong for us.' She had Friedrich Wilhelm, the rough boy; and perhaps nothing more of very precious property. Her first child, likewise a boy, had soon died, and there came no third : tedious ceremonials, and the infinitely little, were mainly her lot in this world.

All which, however, she had the art to take up not in the tragic way, but in the mildly comic,—often not to take up at all, but leave lying there;—and thus to manage in a handsome and softly victorious manner. With delicate female tact, with fine female stoicism too; keeping all things within limits. She was much respected by her husband, much loved indeed; and greatly mourned for by the poor man : the village Lützelburg (Littletown) close by Berlin, where she had 'built a mansion for herself, he fondly named Charlottenburg (Charlotte's-town), after her death, which name both house and village still bear. Leibnitz found her of an almost troublesome sharpness of intellect; 'wants to know the why even of the why,' says Leibnitz. That is the way of female intellects when they are good;

nothing equals their acuteness, and their rapidity is almost excessive.

On the whole, we may pronounce her clearly a superior woman, this Sophie Charlotte; notable not for her grandson alone, though now pretty much forgotten by the world,—as indeed all things and persons have, one day or other, to be!

PASSAGE FROM THE ESSAY ON "BURNS."

[THE essay from which this passage is taken first appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1828 as a review of Lockhart's "Life of Robert Burns." The whole is to be found in Vol. I. of Carlyle's "Miscellaneous Essays."]

BURNS.

BURNS first came upon the world as a prodigy; and was, in that character, entertained by it, in the usual fashion, with loud, vague, tumultuous wonder, speedily subsiding into censure and neglect; till his early and most mournful death again awakened an enthusiasm for him, which, especially as there was now nothing to be done and much to be spoken, has prolonged itself even to our own time. It is true, the 'nine days' have long since elapsed; and the very continuance of this clamour proves that Burns was no vulgar wonder. Accordingly, even in sober judgments, where, as years passed by, he has come to rest more and more exclusively on his own intrinsic merits, and may now be well nigh shorn of that casual radiance, he appears not only as a true British poet, but as one of the most considerable British men of the eighteenth century. Let it not be objected that he did little. He did much, if we consider where and how. If the work performed was small, we must remember that he had his very materials to discover; for the metal he worked in lay hid under the desert moor, where no eye but his had guessed its existence; and we may almost say, that with his own hand he had to construct the tools for fashioning it. For he found himself in deepest obscurity, without help,

without instruction, without model; or with models only of the meanest sort. An educated man stands, as it were, in the midst of a boundless arsenal and magazine, filled with all the weapons and engines which man's skill has been able to devise from the earliest time, and he works, accordingly, with a strength borrowed from all past ages. How different is his state who stands on the outside of that storehouse, and feels that its gates must be stormed, or remain forever shut against him! His means are the commonest and rudest; the mere work done is no measure of his strength. A dwarf behind his steam-engine may remove mountains; but no dwarf will hew them down with the pickaxe; and he must be a Titan that hurls them abroad with his arms.

It is in this last shape that Burns presents himself. Born in an age the most prosaic that Britain had yet seen, and in a condition the most disadvantageous, where his mind, if it accomplished aught, must accomplish it under the pressure of continual bodily toil, nay of penury and desponding apprehension of the worst evils, and with no furtherance but such knowledge as dwells in a poor man's hut, and the rhymes of a Ferguson or Ramsay for his standard of beauty, he sinks not under all these impediments; through the fogs and darkness of that obscure region, his lynx eye discerns the true relations of the world and human life; he grows into intellectual strength, and trains himself into intellectual expertness. Impelled by the expansive movement of his own irrepressible soul, he struggles forward into the general view; and with haughty modesty lays down before us, as the fruit of his labour, a gift, which Time has now pronounced imperishable. Add to all this, that his darksome, drudging childhood and youth was by far the kindest era of his whole life; and that he died in his thirty-seventh year; and then ask, If it be strange that his poems are imperfect, and of small extent, or that his genius attained no mastery in its art? Alas, his Sun shone as through a tropical tornado; and the pale Shadow of Death eclipsed it at noon! Shrouded in such baleful vapours, the genius of Burns was never seen in clear azure splendour, enlight-

ening the world : but some beams from it did, by fits, pierce through ; and it tinted those clouds with rainbow and orient colours, into a glory and stern grandeur, which men silently gazed on with wonder and tears !

Conquerors are a class of men with whom, for most part, the world could well dispense ; nor can the hard intellect, the unsympathising loftiness and high but selfish enthusiasm of such persons inspire us in general with any affection ; at best it may excite amazement ; and their fall, like that of a pyramid, will be beheld with a certain sadness and awe. But a true Poet, a man in whose heart resides some effluence of Wisdom, some tone of the 'Eternal Melodies,' is the most precious gift that can be bestowed on a generation : we see in him a freer, purer development of whatever is noblest in ourselves ; his life is a rich lesson to us ; and we mourn his death as that of a benefactor who loved and taught us.

Such a gift had Nature, in her bounty, bestowed on us in Robert Burns. And so kind and warm a soul ; so full of inborn riches, of love to all living and lifeless things ! How his heart flows out in sympathy over universal Nature ; and in her bleakest provinces discerns a beauty and a meaning ! The 'Daisy' falls not unheeded under his ploughshare ; nor the ruined nest of that 'wee, cowering, timorous beastie,' cast forth, after all its provident pains, to 'thole the sleety dribble and cranreuch cauld.' The 'hoar visage' of Winter delights him ; he dwells with a sad and oft-returning fondness in these scenes of solemn desolation ; but the voice of the tempest becomes an anthem to his ears ; he loves to walk in the sounding woods, for 'it raises his thoughts to *Him that walketh on the wings of the wind.*' A true Poet-soul, for it needs but to be struck, and the sound it yields will be music ! But observe him chiefly as he mingles with his brother men. What warm, all-comprehending fellow-feeling ; what trustful, boundless love ; what generous exaggeration of the object loved ! His rustic friend, his nut-brown maiden are no longer mean and homely, but a hero and a queen, whom he prizes as the paragons of earth. The rough scenes of Scottish life, not seen by him in any Arcadian

illusion, but in the rude contradiction, in the smoke and soil of a too harsh reality, are still lovely to him: Poverty is indeed his companion, but Love also, and Courage; the simple feelings, the worth, the nobleness, that dwell under the straw roof, are dear and venerable to his heart; and thus over the lowest provinces of man's existence he pours the glory of his own soul; and they rise, in shadow and sunshine, softened and brightened into a beauty which other eyes discern not in the highest.

The excellence of Burns is, indeed, among the rarest, but at the same time, it is plain and easily recognised: his *sincerity*, his indisputable air of truth. Here are no fabulous woes or joys; no hollow fantastic sentimentalities; no wiredrawn repinings, either in thought or feeling: the passion that is traced before us has glowed in a living heart; the opinion he utters has risen in his own understanding, and been a light to his own steps. He does not write from hearsay but from sight and experience; it is the scenes that he has lived and laboured amidst that he describes: those scenes, rude and humble as they are, have kindled beautiful emotions in his soul, noble thoughts and definite resolves; and he speaks forth what is in him, not from any outward call of vanity or interest, but because his heart is too full to be silent. He speaks it with such melody and modulation as he can: 'in homely rustic jingle;' but it is his own, and genuine. This is the grand secret for finding readers and retaining them: let him who would move and convince others, be first moved and convinced himself. To every poet, to every writer, we might say: Be true, if you would be believed. Let a man but speak forth with genuine earnestness the thought, the emotion, the actual condition of his own heart; and other men, so strangely are we all knit together by the tie of sympathy, must and will give heed to him. In culture, in extent of view, we may stand above the speaker, or below him; but in either case, his words, if they are earnest and sincere, will find some response within us; for in spite of all casual varieties in outward rank, or inward, as face answers to face, so does the heart of man to man.

In addition to its sincerity, the poetry of Burns has another peculiar merit; this displays itself in his choice of subjects; or rather in his indifference as to subjects, and the power he has of making all subjects interesting. The poet, we imagine, can never have far to seek for a subject: the elements of his art are in him and around him on every hand; for him the ideal world is not remote from the actual, but under it and within it: nay, he is a poet, precisely because he can discern it there. Wherever there is a sky above him, and a world around him, the poet is in his place; for here too is man's existence, with its infinite longings and small acquirings; its ever-thwarted, ever-renewed endeavours; its unspeakable aspirations, its fears and hopes that wander through Eternity; and all the mystery of brightness and of gloom that it was ever made of, in any age or climate, since man first began to live. Is there not the fifth act of a tragedy in every death-bed, though it were a peasant's, and a bed of heath? And are wooings and weddings obsolete, that there can be comedy no longer? Or are men suddenly grown wise, that laughter must no longer shake his sides, but be cheated of his farce? Man's life and nature is, as it was, and as it ever will be. But the poet must have an eye to read these things, and a heart to understand them; or they come and pass away before him in vain. He is a *Vates*, a seer; a gift of vision has been given him. A Scottish peasant's life was the meanest and rudest of all lives till Burns became a poet in it, and a poet of it; found it a *man's* life, and therefore significant to men. Let but the true poet be given us, place him where and how you will, and true poetry will not be wanting.

Independently of the essential gift of poetic feeling, a certain rugged sterling worth pervades whatever Burns has written: a virtue, as of green fields and mountain breezes, dwells in his poetry; it is redolent of natural life and hardy natural men. There is a decisive strength in him, yet a sweet native gracefulness: he is tender, he is vehement, yet without constraint or too visible effort; he melts the heart or inflames it, with a power which seems habitual and familiar to him. We see that in this man there was

the gentleness, the trembling pity of a woman, with the deep earnestness, the force and passionate ardour of a hero. Tears lie in him, and consuming fire, as lightning lurks in the drops of a summer cloud. He has a resonance in his bosom for every note of human feeling; the high and the low, the sad, the ludicrous, the joyful, are welcome in their turns to his "lightly-moved and all-conceiving spirit." And observe with what a fierce prompt force he grasps his subject, be it what it may! How he fixes, as it were, the full image of the matter in his eye; full and clear in every lineament; and catches the real type and essence of it, amid a thousand accidents and superficial circumstances, no one of which misleads him! Is it of reason; some truth to be discovered? No sophistry, no vain surface-logic detains him; quick, resolute, unerring, he pierces through into the marrow of the question; and speaks his verdict with an emphasis that cannot be forgotten. Is it of description; some visual object to be represented? No poet of any age or nation is more graphic than Burns: his characteristic features disclose themselves to him at a glance; three lines from his hand, and we have a likeness!

By far the most finished, complete and truly inspired pieces of Burns are, without dispute, to be found among his *Songs*. It is here that, although through a small aperture, his light shines with least obstruction; in its highest beauty, and pure sunny clearness. The reason may be that Song is a brief simple species of composition; and requires nothing so much for its perfection as genuine poetic feeling, genuine music of heart. Yet the song has its rules equally with the tragedy; rules which in most cases are poorly fulfilled, in many cases are not so much as felt. We might write a long essay on the Songs of Burns; which we reckon by far the best that Britain has yet produced. His songs do not affect to be set to music, but they actually and in themselves are music; they have received their life, and fashioned themselves together, in the medium of harmony, as Venus rose from the bosom of the sea. The story, the feeling, is not detailed, but suggested, not *said*, or spouted, in rhetorical completeness or coher-

ence; but *sung*, in fitful gushes, in glowing hints, in fantastic breaks, in *warblings* not of the voice only, but of the whole mind. We consider this to be the essence of a song; and that no songs since the little careless catches, and, as it were, drops of song, which Shakespeare has here and there sprinkled over his plays, fulfil this condition in nearly the same degree as most of Burns's do. Such grace and truth of external movement, too, presupposes in general a corresponding force and truth of sentiment and inward meaning. The Songs of Burns are not more perfect in the former quality than in the latter. With what tenderness he sings, yet with what vehemence and entireness! There is a piercing wail in his sorrow, the purest rapture in his joy; he burns with the sternest ire, or laughs with the loudest or sliest mirth; and yet he is sweet and soft, "sweet as the smile when fond lovers meet, and soft as their parting tear!" If we farther take into account the immense variety of his subjects; how, from the loud flowing revel in *Willie brew'd a Peck o' Maut*; to the still, rapt enthusiasm of sadness for *Mary in Heaven*; from the glad kind greeting of *Auld Langsyne*, or the comic archness of *Duncan Gray*, to the fire-eyed fury of *Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled*, he has found a tone and words for every mood of man's heart. His Songs are already part of the mother-tongue, not of Scotland only but of Britain, and of the millions that in all ends of the earth speak a British language. In hut and hall, as the heart unfolds itself in many-coloured joy and woe of existence, the *name*, the *voice* of that joy and woe is the name and voice which Burns has given them.

PASSAGE FROM THE "LIFE OF SCHILLER" (1825).

[THE Life of Schiller appeared in the *London Magazine* in 1823-4. Carlyle early interested himself in the great development of literature that showed itself in Germany in the late 18th and early 19th centuries, and was one of the first to draw attention to it in this country. Besides writing the Life of Schiller, he translated Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister" and contributed to the "Edinburgh" and other Reviews numerous essays on German Literature now collected in the four volumes entitled "Miscellaneous Essays."]

SCHILLER AND GOETHE.

A VISIT to Weimar had long been one of Schiller's projects : he now first accomplished it in 1787. Saxony had been, for ages, the Attica of Germany ; and Weimar had, of late, become its Athens. In this literary City, Schiller found what he expected; sympathy and brotherhood with men of kindred minds. To Goethe he was not introduced ; but Herder and Wieland received him with a cordial welcome ; with the latter he soon formed a most friendly intimacy. Wieland, the Nestor of German letters, was grown gray in the service : Schiller revered him as a father, and he was treated by him as a son. Wieland had long edited the *Deutsche Mercur* : in consequence of their connexion, Schiller now took part in contributing to that work. Some of his smaller poems, one or two fragments of the History of the Netherlands, and the *Letters on Don Carlos* first appeared here. His own *Thalia* still continued to come

out at Leipzig. With these for his incidental employments, with the Belgian Revolt for his chief study, and the best society in Germany for his leisure, Schiller felt no wish to leave Weimar. The place and what it held contented him so much, that he thought of selecting it for his permanent abode.

So occupied and so intentioned, he continued to reside at Weimar. Some months after his arrival, he received an invitation from his early patroness and kind protectress, Madam von Wollzogen, to come and visit her at Bauerbach. Schiller went accordingly to this his ancient city of refuge; he again found all the warm hospitality, which he had of old experienced when its character could less be mistaken; but his excursion thither produced more lasting effects than this. At Rudolstadt, where he stayed for a time on occasion of this journey, he met with a new friend. It was here that he first saw the Fräulein Lengefeld, a lady whose attractions made him loth to leave Rudolstadt, and eager to return.

Next year he did return; he lived from May till November, there or in the neighbourhood. He was busy as usual, and he visited the Lengefeld family nearly every day. Schiller's views on marriage, his longing for 'a civic and domestic existence,' we already know. 'To be united with a person,' he had said, 'that shares our sorrows and our joys, that responds to our feelings, that moulds herself so pliantly, so closely to our humours; reposing on her calm and warm affection, to relax our spirit from a thousand distractions, a thousand wild wishes and tumultuous passions; to dream away all the bitterness of fortune, in the bosom of domestic enjoyment; this is the true delight of life.' Some years had elapsed since he had expressed these sentiments, which time had confirmed not weakened: the presence of the Fräulein Lengefeld awoke them into fresh activity. He loved this lady; the return of love, with which she honoured him, diffused a sunshine over all his troubled world; and, if the wish of being her's excited more impatient thoughts about the settlement of his condition, it also gave him fresh strength to attain it. He was full of occupation, while in Rudolstadt; ardent,

serious, but not unhappy. His literary projects were proceeding as before; and, besides the enjoyment of virtuous love, he had that of intercourse with many worthy and some kindred minds.

Among these, the chief in all respects was Goethe. It was during his present visit that Schiller first met with this illustrious person; concerning whom, both by reading and report, his expectations had been raised so high. No two men, both of exalted genius, could be possessed of more different sorts of excellence than the two that were now brought together in a large company of their mutual friends. The English reader may form some approximate conception of the contrast, by figuring an interview between Shakespeare and Milton. How gifted, how diverse in their gifts! The mind of the one plays calmly, in its capricious and inimitable graces, over all the provinces of human interest; the other concentrates powers as vast, but far less various, on a few subjects; the one is Catholic, the other is sectarian. The first is endowed with an all-comprehending spirit; skilled, as if by personal experience, in all the modes of human passion and opinion; therefore, tolerant of all; peaceful, collected; fighting for no class of men or principles; rather looking on the world, and the various battles waging in it, with the quiet eye of one already reconciled to the futility of their issues; but pouring over all the forms of many-coloured life the light of a deep and subtle intellect, and the decorations of an overflowing fancy; and allowing men and things of every shape and hue to have their own free scope in his conception, as they have it in the world where Providence has placed them. The other is earnest, devoted; struggling with a thousand mighty projects of improvement; feeling more intensely, as he feels more narrowly; rejecting vehemently, choosing vehemently; at war with the one half of things, in love with the other half; hence, dissatisfied, impetuous, without internal rest, and scarcely conceiving the possibility of such a state. Apart from the difference of their opinions and mental culture, Shakespeare and Milton seem to have stood in some such relation as this to each other, in regard to the primary structure of their minds. So likewise, in many

points, was it with Goethe and Schiller. The external circumstances of the two were, moreover, such as to augment their several peculiarities. Goethe was in his thirty-ninth year; and had long since found his proper rank and settlement in life. Schiller was ten years younger, and still without a fixed destiny; on both of which accounts, his fundamental scheme of thought, the principles by which he judged and acted, and maintained his individuality, although they might be settled, were less likely to be sobered and matured. In these circumstances we can hardly wonder that on Schiller's part the first impression was not very pleasant. Goethe sat talking of Italy, and art, and travelling, and a thousand other subjects, with that flow of brilliant and deep sense, sarcastic humour, knowledge, fancy, and good nature, which is said to render him the best talker now alive. Schiller looked at him in quite a different mood; he felt his natural constraint increased under the influence of a man so opposite in character; so potent in resources, so singular and so expert in using them; a man whom he could not agree with, and knew not how to contradict.

A strict similarity of characters is not necessary, or perhaps very favourable, to friendship. To render it complete, each party must no doubt be competent to understand the other; both must be possessed of dispositions kindred in their great lineaments: but the pleasure of comparing our ideas and emotions is heightened, when there is "likeness in unlikeness." *The same sentiments, different opinions*, Rousseau conceives to be the best material of friendship: reciprocity of kind words and actions is more effectual than all. Luther loved Melancthon; Johnson was not more the friend of Edmund Burke than of poor old Dr. Levitt. Goethe and Schiller met again; as they ultimately came to live together, and to see each other oftener, they liked each other better; they became associates, friends; and the harmony of their intercourse, strengthened by many subsequent communities of object, was never interrupted, till death put an end to it. Goethe, in his time, has done many glorious things; but few on which he should look back with greater pleasure than his treatment of Schiller. Literary friendships are said to be

precarious, and of rare occurrence: the rivalry of interest disturbs their continuance; a rivalry greater, where the subject of competition is one so vague, impalpable, and fluctuating, as the favour of the public; where the feeling to be gratified is one so nearly allied to vanity, the most irritable, arid, and selfish feeling of the human heart. Had Goethe's prime motive been the love of fame, he must have viewed with repugnance, not the misdirection but the talents of the rising genius, advancing with such rapid strides to dispute with him the palm of intellectual primacy, nay as the million thought, already in possession of it; and if a sense of his own dignity had withheld him from offering obstructions, or uttering any whisper of discontent, there is none but a truly patrician spirit that would cordially have offered aid. To being secretly hostile and openly indifferent, the next resource was to enact the patron; to solace vanity; by helping the rival whom he could not hinder, and who could do without his help. Goethe adopted neither of these plans. It reflects much credit on him that he acted as he did. Eager to forward Schiller's views by exerting all the influence within his power, he succeeded in effecting this; and what was still more difficult, in suffering the character of benefactor to merge in that of equal. They became not friends only, but fellow-labourers: a connection productive of important consequences in the history of both, particularly of the younger and more undirected of the two.

With Schiller's removal to Jena begins a new epoch in his public and private life. His connection with Goethe here first ripened into friendship, and became secured and cemented by frequency of intercourse. Jena is but a few miles distant from Weimar; and the two friends, both settled in public offices belonging to the same government, had daily opportunities of interchanging visits.

The friendship of Schiller and Goethe forms a delightful chapter in their history. Sincerity, true estimation of each other's merit, true sympathy in each other's character and purposes appear to have formed the basis of it, and maintained it unimpaired to the end. Goethe,

we are told, was minute and sedulous in his attention to Schiller, whom he venerated as a good man and sympathised with as an afflicted one: when in mixed companies together, he constantly endeavoured to draw out the stores of his modest and retiring friend; or to guard his sick and sensitive mind from annoyances that might have irritated him; now softening, now exciting conversation, guiding it with the address of a gifted and polished man, or lashing out of it with the scorpion whip of his satire much that would have vexed the more soft and simple spirit of the valetudinarian. These are things which it is good to think of: it is good to know that there are literary men, who have other principles besides vanity; who can divide the approbation of their fellow mortals, without quarrelling over the lots; who in their solicitude about their 'fame' do not forget the common charities of nature, in exchange for which the 'fame' of most authors were but a poor bargain.

NOTES.

HEROES AND HERO-WORSHIP.

Hierarchy : a body of ecclesiastics entrusted with the government of either church or state.

Democracy : government by the people where the sovereign power is vested in the people, and exercised by them directly or by their elected agents.

Norse Odin : the chief god of northern mythology, common to all the Germanic peoples

Dr. Johnson (1709-1784), was the author of the first English Dictionary of importance, a work regarded by Carlyle as a very great achievement.

Withered Pontiff of Encyclopedism : Voltaire (1694-1778), a great French writer who contributed to the famous *Encyclopédie*, the organ of advanced and revolutionary opinions in France between 1751 and 1772.

hallucinations : the apparent perception of some external thing to which no real object corresponds, hence belief in an unreality.

hypothesis : supposition.

quackery : cheating, humbug, pretence.

fancy of Plato's : an allusion to the seventh Book of Plato's *Republic*. Here is a summary of the main idea. Imagine human beings living in an underground den which is open towards the light; they have been there from childhood, having their necks and legs chained, and can only see into the den. At a distance there is a fire, and between the fire and the prisoners a raised way, and a low wall is built along the way. Behind the wall appear moving figures, who hold in their hands various works of art, and among them images of men and animals, wood and stone, and some of the passers-by are talking and others silent. They are ourselves, and they see only the shadows of the images which the fire throws on the wall of the den. Suppose now that you suddenly turn them round and make them look at the real images; will they believe them to be real? And further, if they are dragged up a steep ascent into the presence of the sun itself, will not their sight be darkened with excess of light? But when they get the habit of perceiving, how will they rejoice in passing from darkness to light! •

preternatural : beyond what is natural, extraordinary.

science—nescience : knowledge—ignorance.

Canopus : the name of a star in the first magnitude.

Ishmaelitic man : dwellers and wanderers in the desert.

Sabeans : an ancient religious sect that worshipped the sun, moon and stars.

creed of our fathers : the English are a branch of the Germanic race.

mythology : science of myths; legends of the gods of heathen peoples.

internecine : destructive, deadly, accompanied with much slaughter.

Asgard : the Olympus or heaven of Scandinavian mythology. *As* = god, and *gard* = enclosure or yard.

seer : one who foresees or foretells future events.

sphinx-enigma : a riddle that cannot be solved. Among the Egyptians and the Greeks the sphinx was a female monster who killed all who could not answer her riddles.

LUTHER.

Saxony : an important electorate of the German empire, the rulers of which favoured the Reformation in the sixteenth century.

Frau : a German word, = Mrs.

Erfurt : in the sixteenth century the capital of Thuringia. The university was founded in 1392, and was one of the most important seats of learning in Germany.

Convent. In early times convent was used to denote a religious society either of men or of women. Now it is almost exclusively applied to the latter.

Augustine Order : one of the four mendicant orders of the Roman Catholic Church, deriving its name and rule from St. Augustine.

Wittenberg : a large town in Saxony, situated on the Elbe; the university was founded by the Elector Frederick in 1502. Luther was a professor there, and it was to the door of the Schloss-Kirche that he nailed his theses.

Pope Julius II. was Pope from 1503 to 1513.

the monk Tetzel (c. 1455-1519) was appointed to collect the money for indulgences in Saxony.

Leo X. was Pope from 1513 to 1521. He was a member of the Medici family and a great patron of art and literature. His project for rebuilding St. Peter's and for obtaining money for it by a general sale of indulgences throughout Europe, led to the Reformation.

Indulgences : in the Roman Catholic Church an indulgence is entire or partial remission of punishment due to sin.

grief : here grievance.

Huss : John Huss, the Bohemian reformer, born about 1369, and burnt as a heretic, 1415

Jerome of Prague, the friend and supporter of Huss, born between 1360 and 1370, was burnt as a heretic, 1416.

Constance Council : an ecclesiastical council held 1414-18 with a view to put an end to disorders in the Church, and to prevent the spread of the doctrines of Huss.

Bull : a decree of the Pope, so-called from the *Bulla* (i.e. seal) attached to it.

formalism : adherence to formulas. A formula here means a formal statement of religious doctrines.

Diet of Worms : the Convocation of 1521, where Luther had to defend himself before Charles V. and the Princes of the Empire. Worms is one of the oldest cities of Germany.

Charles V., Emperor of Germany, 1519-1555.

Papal nuncio : the Pope's envoy.

BOOKS AND READING.

Runes : the earliest alphabet in use among the Gothic tribes of Northern Europe. *Ran*=secret: the characters were employed for purposes of secrecy or of divination.

Agamemnon, King of Argos in Greece, and commander-in-chief of the allied Greeks who went to the siege of Troy.

Pericles : the great Athenian statesman who flourished in the fifth century B.C.

corollary : in mathematics a proposition incidentally proved in proving another, hence as here an easily drawn inference.

Abelard : Peter Abelard (1079-1142), a famous scholar and theologian of the Middle Ages.

THE ELECTION OF AN ABBOT IN THE TWELFTH CENTURY.

Chapter : the place in which the business of a cathedral or monastery is conducted.

Medicus : Latin for "doctor."

Sacrista, **sub-sacrista** : officer of a monastery who acts as custodian of the valuables.

Waltham : a town in Essex where there was an important monastery.

Dominus Rex : Latin for "the lord king."

Sacrosancta : superlatively sacred.

imprecating : invoking.

Boszy Jocelin : Carlyle calls Jocelin of Brakelond a "small" Boswell, because through him we get a glimpse of a "deep buried

"Time," just as through Boswell himself we get to know Dr. Johnson, as it were, face to face.

Newmarket : a place now famous for its horse races.

Fleam-dike ... East Anglian boundary : Fleam means river. Rivers often formed the boundaries of provinces.

Dryasdust : a name invented by Sir Walter Scott from the phrase "dry as dust" for historians who cannot or do not use their imagination to enliven facts which are sometimes dull and dry.

Geoffrey the Chancellor : appointed Chancellor to Henry II. about 1174.

for the nonce : for once.

Abbot Samson : he was born at Tottington, near Thetford, in Norfolk, in 1135, took monastic orders, and entered the Abbey of St. Edmundsbury in 1166 ; was sub-sacrist and master of the workmen, 1180-82, rebuilding in that time the choir of the Abbey Church, and was appointed abbot of St. Edmundsbury in 1182. He died in 1211.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR.

Vortices : whirlpools.

Kepler calculations : Johann Kepler (1571-1630), a great German astronomer whose laws formed the groundwork of Newton's discoveries.

Newton meditations : Sir Isaac Newton (1642-1727), one of England's greatest men of science, expounded in his *Principia* (1687) the theory of gravitation by means of which the movements of the solar system are explained.

Liturgy : an appointed form for the words and acts used in the rites and ceremonies of the Christian Church.

"Work is Worship" : cf. with this passage a poem by Arthur Hugh Clough (1819-1861), entitled, "Qui laborat orat," i.e. he who works prays. It was written between 1845 and 1851, and contains these two lines :

"And if in work its life it seem to live,
Shalt make that work be prayer."

supernal : situated above, hence "heavenly."

"Work and despair not" : the last lines of a poem by Goethe dealing with "life and work and hope."

THE FLIGHT TO VARENNES.

Varennes : a small town, then of some 1300 inhabitants, not very far from Paris, in the department of the Meuse, famous for the arrest of Louis XVI., June 21, 1791. The inn where the King alighted from the carriage still stands.

leather vache : a basket covered with leather placed on the top of a travelling carriage, generally of the same size as the top.

Queen Chrimhilde and the Nibelungen song: the widow of Siegfried, one of the heroines of an old German poem dating from 1200.

Dame Campan. Madame Campan (1752-1822) was reader to the princesses and wife of Marie Antoinette's secretary, and remained in the queen's service till 1792. She published, in 1823, *Memoirs of the Private Life of Marie Antoinette*.

nécessaire: a dressing-case.

louis: a gold piece worth 20 francs.

Count Fersen: a Swedish soldier devoted to the service of Marie Antoinette, and who certainly had great influence with her.

fair Queen. Marie Antoinette was the daughter of Maria Thérèse, Empress of Austria. She married Louis, then the dauphin of France, in 1770, when she was under sixteen.

Berline: a large double-seated travelling carriage.

Choiseul: Minister of Louis XV.

glass coach. Originally only private carriages had glass windows, hence applied to a superior kind of coach.

Tulleries: the palace of the King in Paris.

His Majesty's Couchée: a reception of visitors about bedtime.

Lafayette (1757-1834) served as a volunteer in the American War of Independence, and then became commander of the National Guard of France. But his views of reform were too moderate for the extreme revolutionists: finding he could do nothing he crossed the frontier and was imprisoned by the Austrians (1792). He was released in 1797, and again played a part in French affairs.

badine: a light stick or wand.

jarvis: the driver of a hackney coach—a slang term.

long-haired kings: a line of early French kings of the Merovingian dynasty who lived idle and retired in their palaces, and did little or nothing towards ruling their people.

Mirabeau. Cf. note page 123.

jarvis sartout: coat worn by the driver of a hackney coach; see above.

Rubicon. When Julius Caesar crossed this stream he left his own province and became the invader of Italy; hence to cross the Rubicon is to enter on an inevitable course of action.

wicked d'Orléans: Regent of France during the minority of Louis XV.

galaxies: collections of stars; e.g. the milky way.

orient: bright, shining.

Necker: Director-General of Finance in France (1777). His plans for fairer taxation failed, and he left the country in 1781. Recalled in 1788, he made himself popular by recommending the summoning of the States-General. But he could not steer the State in these troublous times, and had to resign in 1790.

argosy: a large ship that carries merchandise.

Acapulco-ship. The harbour of Acapulco in Mexico is so large and deep that the biggest ship can anchor there, hence the comparison.

drink-money : a tip: money given to buy liquor to drink. "In France a tip is always a *pourboire*, and in German *Trinkgeld*."

swenkt : hard-worked, from old word *swink*, to work hard, drudge.

Feast of Pikes : an allusion to the destruction of the Bastille, July 14-15, 1789, when the heads of the officials of the fortress-prison were carried on pikes through the streets of Paris.

Grosse-Tête : the King, Louis XVI.

Assignat : paper money issued during the Revolution.

fusils : guns, rifles.

camisado : a sudden attack at night by men in shirts over their uniforms.

tocsin : alarm bell.

Bouillé (1739-1800) : French general who arranged the flight of Louis XVI. Its failure compelled him to leave France, and he retired to England, where he died.

Boniface : landlord or innkeeper, from the name of the landlord in Farquhar's *Beaux Stratagem*.

Procureur : a sort of town-clerk.

"*der König, die Königin*" : German for "the King," "the Queen."

CHARLOTTE CORDAY (b. 1768, guillotined 1793).

ferment of Caen. There were insurrectionary movements in most of the towns of France after the fall of the Bastille on July 14, 1789.

Deputy Barbaroux (guillotined 1794). He was secretary to the radical Commune of Marseilles, and in that capacity was sent to Paris. He planned the attack on the Tuileries in 1792, and supported the Girondist party and Madame Roland.

Deputy Duperret : a member of the Girondist party.

Cimmerian : very dark, obscure. The Cimmerii were a mythical people, mentioned by Homer, dwelling "beyond the ocean-stream where the sun never shines, and perpetual darkness reigns."

the Mountain : the most radical party in the French Assembly, so called because its members sat on the topmost benches of the Chamber.

the Convention : the new assembly of National Deputies summoned in 1795.

Marat : one of the most remarkable characters in the Revolution, b. 1743, assassinated 1793. Spent some time in England, where he practised medicine: settled in France about 1777. Though absolutely without scruples in his crusade against existing society, he was consumed with a burning desire to right all the wrongs of humanity at once.

eve of the Bastille day : July 13th.

Pétion (1756-1794). He was a member of the Girondist party, and with Barnave reconducted the Royal Family to Paris after Varennes.

Louvet (d. 1797). He was a member of the Girondist party, and led the attack against Robespierre.

Stylites: a class of hermits who passed the greater part of their lives unsheltered on the top of high columns. Cf. Tennyson's poem, "St. Simeon Stylites."

David (1748-1825). He was a celebrated French painter, extremely popular in his time; he sat in the Convention, and was a friend of Robespierre, but under the Empire was chief court painter to Napoleon.

apotheosis: excessive honour paid to any great or distinguished person.

Fauchet: a distinguished ecclesiastic; b. 1744, guillotined 1793 for voting against the king's death with the Girondins.

Adam Lux of Mentz (b. 1766, guillotined 1793): a German patriot, one of the deputies sent to Paris to arrange for the incorporation of the Electorate with France. Mentz = Mainz or Mayence.

DEATH OF MIRABEAU.

Mirabeau (1749-1791). He considered that a constitutional monarchy would best have settled French affairs, and tried and failed to induce the king to make such reforms as would have made that method of government possible. He was a great orator.

Pont Neuf: one of the most important of the bridges over the Seine in Paris.

Nessus' shirt of this Hercules: the poisoned shirt given by Nessus, the Centaur, to Deianeira, with which she killed her husband Hercules.

Lamarche: a friend of Mirabeau and also of the Queen.

Cabanis (1757-1808): friend and physician of Mirabeau.

Titanic: gigantic, huge. Pertaining to the Titans, primeval gods of gigantic size and enormous strength.

Achilles' funeral. Cf. *Odyssey*, xxiv. The remains of Achilles, together with those of Patroclus, were buried in a golden urn which Dionysus had given as a present to Thetis, and were deposited on the coast of the Hellespont, where a mound was raised over them.

Louis XII. (1462-1515): King of France. Through his just and kindly rule he was known as the "Father of the People."

bornes: street posts, formerly used to keep carriages off the foot-pavement.

Sansculottic. The Republicans of 1793 were called sans-culottes because they adopted trousers instead of the breeches hitherto worn.

threnodies: songs of lamentation, especially poems composed for the occasion of the funeral of some great personage.

sou: a French copper coin = a half-penny.

eulogies: a speech or writing composed for the express purpose of praising its subject.

Vaudevilles : here popular or topical songs.

Cerutti (1738-1792), a writer and legislator. He was one of the administrators of Paris, and became secretary to the Legislative Assembly.

Caput mortuum : a Latin phrase meaning anything from which all that rendered it valuable has been taken away.

the plus and the minus : the more and the less ; *plus* and *minus* are Latin words.

simulacrum : vague or unreal image.

cant : insincere speech, conventional pretence of enthusiasm for high aims.

effulgent : bright, splendid.

Riquetti or Arrighetti kindred. The Mirabeaus were descended from an Italian family named Riquetti or Arrighetti.

THE BATTLE OF DUNBAR.

[Fought on Sept. 3, 1650, in which Cromwell defeated the Scots.]

whinstone : name given to various rocks in the North of Britain.

packman : one who carries a pack, a peddler.

David Lesley : a veteran soldier, trained under Gustavus Adolphus, who came from Sweden to take the command of the Scots.

Covenant The Solemn League and Covenant was drawn up by the Scottish Presbyterians by which they bound themselves to resist Episcopacy.

Yorkshire Hodgson. Cf. note below.

Pride (d. 1658) : a colonel in the Parliamentary Army. He was one of those who signed the death warrant of Charles I.

Lambert (1619-1685) : A major-general who led the van of Cromwell's army at Dunbar.

Committee of Estates and Kirk. It was appointed by the Scottish Parliament of 1640 to act in permanence during the recesses both in the camp and at the capital. It treated with the victorious Cromwell.

Monk (1603-1670) : distinguished himself under Cromwell at Dunbar so greatly that he was left to complete the subjection of Scotland.

quit : acquit.

pudding headed Yorkshire friend. Major Hodgson (d. 1684) wrote an account of the battle of Dunbar in which he took part, of which Carlyle made use.

snapshanses : hand-guns or pistols made to be fired by flint and steel.

"**Let God arise, etc.**" Cf. Psalm lxxviii. 1.

Rous : Francis Rous (1579-1659), author of "The Psalmes of David in English Meeter" (1643), a version authorized by the Parliament for general use, and adopted by the Committee of Estates in Scotland, where it is still popular.

Hacker (d. 1660) : commanded regiment in Scottish war under Cromwell, supervised Charles I.'s execution, and was hanged as a regicide.
poor old Leven : fought on the Royalist side at Dunbar.

THE BATTLE OF TORGAU.

[One of the battles of the Seven Years' War, fought Nov. 3, 1760, between the Prussians, under Frederick the Great, and the Austrians, under Count Daun. The victory gave Frederick possession of the whole of Saxony. Ziethen, a Prussian general, led the attack at first and was repulsed, but afterwards gained the heights, which were badly guarded, and was able to turn the defeat into a victory.]

sporadic : single, scattered.

abatis : barricades of felled trees.

pontoons : flat-bottomed boats used in the construction of a temporary bridge over a river.

sutlers : persons who follow an army for the purpose of selling provisions and liquors to the troops.

haversack : bag used for holding the food that a soldier carries on his person (usually by a belt slung over the shoulder) for one or more days' rations.

minatory : threatening.

THE BATTLE OF PRAG

• [Also a battle of the Seven Years' War, fought May 6, 1757, between the Prussians, under Frederick the Great, and the Austrians, under Charles of Lorraine (Prince Karl), in which the victory was to Frederick.]

• **Schwerin** : a Prussian general killed in the battle.

scarping : cutting down a slope so as to render it impassable.

underminable : that can be undermined. To undermine is to remove the foundation of a wall or building by secretly making an excavation, which is usually filled with gunpowder.

hippogriffs : fabulous creatures like griffins, but with hoofs and other parts resembling a horse. They could carry their riders through the air.

done on the Piano : A descriptive piece for the piano entitled the Battle of Prag was a great favourite with young ladies in the early years of the nineteenth century.

viscous : sticky, adhesive.

Bursche : a German word, usually meaning "fellow," or as here an officer's servant, who would be a private soldier.

case-shot : a collection of small projectiles, such as musket-balls, grape-shot, put in cases to be discharged from cannon.

SOPHIE-CHARLOTTE

(1668-1705).

[She was the wife of Frederick, the Elector of Brandenburg, who later became King of Prussia, and the grandmother of Frederick the Great.]

Charlottenburg : the country house or castle she had built for herself near Berlin.

Bayle (1647-1706) : a great French philosopher.

imbroglios : misunderstandings.

Leibnitz (1646-1716) : a great German philosopher.

Beausobres : properly Beausobre (1659-1738), a French Huguenot writer who was expelled from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes (1685), and died at Berlin.

Edict of Nantes' gentlemen : by the Edict of Nantes (1598) Henry IV. of France granted toleration to his Protestant subjects. It was repealed by Louis XIV. in 1685.

Toland (1670-1722) : one of the English deists. He wrote letters to Sophie-Charlotte under the name of "Serena."

Egeria : the nymph who instructed the Roman Numa Pompilius in his wise legislation. Hence a name for a learned lady.

BURNS.

Robert Burns (1759-1796), who

"Walked in glory and in joy

Following his plough, along the mountain side,"

first published his poems in 1786.

Titan : giant. The Titans were a race of giants in Greek mythology.

Ferguson : Robert Ferguson (1750-1774) published poems in 1773 that greatly influenced Burns.

Ramsay : the poetry of Allan Ramsay (1686-1758) was much admired and sometimes imitated by Burns.

lynx eye : acute sight. The lynx is an animal famed for its sharp sight.

tornado : a violent squall. (*Span.* tornada.)

baleful : destructive, deadly.

azure : bright like the blue of the sky.

orient : shining like the rising sun.

effluence : outflowing.

"Daisy." Cf. Burns's poem, "To a Mountain Daisy; on turning one down with the plough, in April, 1786."

"timorous beastie." Cf. Burns's poem, "To a Mouse."

rough scenes of Scottish life : e.g. Burns's poems, "The Cotter's Saturday Night" and "Tam o' Shanter."

obsolete : out of use.

Vates : a Latin word meaning prophet. The Romans often called a poet *vates* because of the poet's gift of vision.

Venus : the Greek goddess of love, born of the foam of the sea. Cf. the beautiful painting by Botticelli (often engraved) in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence.

rhetorical : an adjective formed from the noun "rhetoric," the art of using language in writing or speech so as to influence others.

SCHILLER AND GOETHE.

Weimar : a small town in Saxony in Germany, interesting for the fact that it was the residence of Goethe and Schiller and many other distinguished literary men. Hence it was often called the Athens of Germany.

Schiller (1759-1805) : the greatest German dramatist.

Attica : the state of Greece in which Athens was situated.

Goethe (1749-1832) : the greatest figure in German literature.

Herder (1744-1803) : a German critic, poet, and divine. He lived in Weimar from 1776, and was the friend of Goethe and Schiller.

Wieland (1733-1813) : a German poet, author of "Oberon." He made the first German translation of Shakespeare (1762-66).

Thalia : a theatrical journal issued by Schiller at Leipzig from 1784. Most of his drama, "Don Carlos," and many of his best poems were printed in it.

Fräulein Lengefeld : the lady whom Schiller married in 1788.

Rousseau (1712-1778) : the French writer whose works did much towards bringing about the French Revolution.

Luther. Cf. extract on "Luther," pp. 10-17.

Melancthon (1497-1560) : humanist and reformer. He was Luther's fellow-worker.

Burke (1729-1797) : statesman and writer.

Dr. Levett : one of the poor persons Dr. Johnson took into his house and either entirely or partly supported.

Jena : a German university, situated 14 miles from Weimar, founded by the Elector John Frederick of Saxony to take the place of Wittenberg (1547-58). Schiller was appointed professor of history there in 1788.

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